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Youth and Age.

While yet my blood ran full and free,
Gay girls the Muses seemed to me,
Forever young, forever fair,
With laughing eyes that challenge care.

No hour when they would not be wooed;
If I was, they were in the mood;
We played at courtship all day long,
And cured our painless griefs with song.

Too happy days! But, wiser now,
Three matrons, with unjoyful brow,
And eyes severe, that conquer mine,
I see replace those witches fine.

Their looks convict the unthrifty years
Theirs are the rock, the thread, the shears
Symbols, the artist's triple clew
To matter, form, and measure due.

Each lays a finger on her lip
And signs, "Beware! the moments slip!"
How shall I hope the three to gain?
Together, triumph; singly, pain.

The Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was caping wide; the ruby wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming, humming up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me: "They tell me, puny conqueress, that Pitgrue has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I—'twas thus the bottle spoke—"But I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then to me, you youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirits up, and puts to shame the conquerors that slay their dozens below; for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll, yet while I killed the beery I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, never wrought such ruin as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and rest by year the thousands tread this dismal road to death!"

AMID THE ALPS.

"By the way, Rawdon, what became of that meerschaum of yours?" I asked him, as we sat one night over the camp-fire.

"What meerschaum?"

"The one you bought of the old German general at Holstein. I secured its twin."

"I may answer your question by asking what became of yours," returned Rawdon, puffing out the smoke.

"Mine! That pipe of mine did a vast amount of traveling, if you care to know. It looked with its fiery eye askance at the pyramids; dipped with me along the serpent bordered waters of the Nile; buried its small pile of incense along the storied Rhine. It yearnedl pensively and dropped an ash by the ashes of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It wended its way past the lighthouse of the Mediterranean.' It lowered about Mecca and Medina, and at last, when in a poetic mood, by the Caspian, immortalized by Moore's liquid verse—my lips relaxed their hold and my pipe fell into the sea."

"Quite a history," remarked Rawdon "Mine committed suicide."

Larco laughed.

"Truth," said Rawdon. "As I stood on London Bridge, my heretofore faithful pipe leaped from my lips into the Thames. A clear case of voluntary suicide."

"You had quite an adventure after I left the party, Fitzhugh wrote me."

"Had I? Let me see: it was soon after you left the party that we made the ascent—I attempted it, rather—of Mont Blanc!"

"Yes, that was what Fitzhugh spoke of in his letter. What about it all?"

"One can hardly hope to do justice to any thing which one tells of Switzerland," began Rawdon, after a pause of thought. "The country must be seen to be appreciated, and it must be seen by an artist eye and appreciated by a soul endowed with a deep religious sense of the miracles which God alone could create, to get the faintest conception of its wild, wonderful, and magnificent scenery. So sudden and varied are the changes which the eye beholds, that it seems more like a fairy land floating in the unreal mirage of a dream than like anything real."

"Aye."

"The great height and magnitude of the mountains, glistening with eternal snow; the awful chasms opening between them; the bolt upright precipices; the dark ravines, with here and there a shadowed pool or lake, and the fertile valleys blooming in luxuriance, combine to make a picture of rare excellence, and of unsurpassed wondrous beauty."

"Well! go on, Rawdon."

"Seen on a cloudless day, the sparkling glaciers, piled up and pointed in rare and fantastic form, dazzling the eye and filling the soul with wonder. Here a snow-white city lifts its spires and glistening pinnacles in frozen silence, like a mighty petrifaction. There, huge columns, like leaning towers of marble, catch the sun's glare on their polished surfaces. Again, one sees groups of marvelous statuary—figures standing, leaning, anything—and seemingly in death like repose."

"But about your adventure, Rawdon?"

"It was not much of an adventure," he retorted. "We had passed the winter at Geneva, a small few of us, finding it possessed among its citizens many of the most learned and scientific men of Europe. From this place the view of the Alps is unsurpassed. Toward Spring, parties of travelers going through the place made us restless, and we also started. As our party moved on toward the hamlet where we were intending to tarry a few days and await a propitious time for ascending Mont Blanc, I was so unfortunate as to get mounted on the most treacherous steed in the lot. Never did Pegasus throw his rider with less warning than my beast of a horse threw me. I escaped with, as I thought, the trifling injury of a sprained wrist. But I got deceived in judging that a sprained wrist was but a trifle, for my hand began to swell and grow discolored, as for my thumb, it might as well have been a pine knot, for all the feeling there was in it; 'twas my right hand, too. The rest waited several days for me to make the ascent with them; but finding that my hand mended so slowly, they grew impatient, and went on without me. It did not much matter, for parties were coming up every week or two, and I should not lack company. The tediousness of my stay at the inn was very much brightened by the kind attentions of my host's daughter, pretty Jennie Dessonard."

Rawdon paused.

"I became impatient of the delay," he continued, "just as you, Larco, are getting impatient because I don't talk quicker. No sooner did cautious people suggest the impracticability of my attempting the ascent at all, urging as objections the dangerous season of the year, and the inconvenient stiffness of my wrist, that I made up my mind to risk the undertaking at all hazards. This unhappy trait of character lies dormant, or is active, in every nature."

"What do you mean about the dangerous season?"

"Well, I was detained by the illness longer than you think for, Larco; the summer and the season were alike over. That wound of mine had complications that you'd not care to hear about."

"I had no idea of that. Go on."

"The arrival in the hamlet one night of a famous naturalist and several of my countrymen, accompanied by the noted guides, Coutet and Devoriassond, decided me to no longer postpone the enterprise. My host and the doctor argued against it in vain. We—I and the new party—remained out late one evening viewing the beautiful scenery by moonlight. Mystic turret, tower and pinnacle were tipped with glistening and effulgent light.

"I have seen that."

"An hour or so before midnight, while my eyes were rivated upon a point far up the dazzling heights, where reposed what might be thought a garden of statuary, all the forms of the statues clearly defined—upright, bending over, recumbent—I began to think to myself what a disagreeable effect this long gazing, even by moonlight, has upon the organs of sight—"

"But why?"

"Because I got the impression that the petrified groups were moving. I looked away, rubbed my eyes and looked back again. The delusion still existed. I

"Young Jennie, brave girl, stepped forward and began uncoiling the rope.

"'I am going down,' she said. 'M. Coutet is to fasten this about me; I came for the purpose of descending the fissure.'

"They tried to dissuade her.

"'If you will not secure me, I will tie it myself,' she affirmed.

"They yielded the point at last after some argument. With the ropes fastened about her, and the lamp strapped to her breast, the intrepid girl was slowly swung into the fissure. With her staff, steel-pointed at each end, she kept herself from striking against the jagged sides. In twenty minutes she signaled to be hauled up—then signaled them to stop. She had touched the bottom of the crevice, which was wonderfully shallow, and not finding any body, she conjectured that it must have lodged somewhere above.

"Her lamp had streamed into the basin and discovered me. She did not stop to ascertain if I was dead; but, taking the lines which she had brought, she bound me to her—wrapping her mantle about my head, least in some manner it might and cries. 'The avalanche! the avalanche!'

"We stood rooted to the spot. The thunder increased and neared us. Vast acres of solid-mountain-side were slipping with fearful rapidity toward the direction we were in. There was of course no real danger.

"'The pinnacle yonder,' said the immovable De Vare, 'will save us. The avalanche strikes it, shaves the irregularities from its side, shoots it many angles to the right, saving our hamlet at the expense of some other!'

"He was right. From that or some other cause, the death-dealing mass of ice rushed away into the valley beyond.

"'A dangerous season to make an ascent,' said everyone, when we got down home. But we resolved to try it.

"Early on the morning of the 17th a party of six, accompanied by the aforenamed guides, started upon the perilous undertaking. After proceeding a short distance we were made to halt by our guides, for the purpose of being tied together, with sufficient space between us to allow of uninterrupted movements; then in turn we were fastened to the guides themselves. It is doubtful if one in a score would safely return unless this precaution was taken, for there is a continual tripping of heels; first one, then another, slipping and falling upon the glaciers. "You don't, Larco; you've not made the ascent."

"And don't want to make it." I growled, like a surly fox.

Rawdon smiled, and turned the fire about. Then resumed.

"If we had got the idea there was either ease or comfort in the enterprise, it was speedily dispelled by actual experience. Shelves of rock met us everywhere, along which we had to crawl on our hands and knees; precipices towered above, up which our weary way was made by foot-holds cut with the hatchets of our guides. Terrifying chasms yawned on either side. Mysterious fissures, whose bottom and depth were lost in distance, had to be leaped over with the assistance of a guide and staff. As we ascended, the air became more rare, and the nose smarted with every inhalation. We made a tortuous way, winding about to escape chasms and evade towers of ice, or trembligly crossing abysses on frail bridges of snow that might crumble at any step."

"Hope you liked it?"

"We had a toilsome day, and did not succeed in making a very great distance, for my wrist troubled me after a few hours' exertions with it, and began to swell. However, we pitched upon a place to spend the night, it being partially sheltered from the cutting wind; and while Coutet prepared the supper, I climbed upon a pinnacle to take in the magnificent view stretched abroad before my eyes. It cannot be described except in faint outlines. Far below these icy fields reposed the verdant vales teeming with beauty and life; and placid Leman, like a sea of glass, sparkled in the setting sunlight, while Jura's distant hills were well defined against the clear sky. Thus night came on. But the stolen stillness that fell upon us, broken at intervals by the indescribable crash of the crunching pieces of snow descending on every side, is beyond description. Still we got to sleep."

"Glad you could sleep, Rawdon!"

"In the morning we awoke refreshed, and resumed the ascent, although I found great inconvenience from my sore and stiff wrist, and was obliged to carry my staff in the other hand. Not to linger on details, we, at last, after much suffering and danger, reached the goal which we sought. But I would say that if one undertakes this or a similar enterprise with the fond delusion that through it all he can maintain a dignified manner, he will find the fond delusion vanished."

"Bien entendu."

"Many a chasm the traveler must pass on the horizontal. The sure feet of the guide crosses a narrow isthmus of snow, which he is fearful an untrained foot may slip upon; therefore the traveler must submit to a prostrate position and be hauled across, his head taking the route of a ploughshare and leaving a broad furrow ploughed for the next comer to slide into. Again, the tension of the nerves will, ere many hours, cause the legs to buckle and bend in exact imitation of a devotee of Bacchus."

"Pleasant."

"We encountered a 'pleasant' tempest, too, thunder and lightning, when it seemed as if the whole Alps were splitting from base to peak, so heavy were the frequent detonations. But we were safely up and getting back, having met with many incidents, but no accidents. When within a mile of the hamlet from which we had started, the nearness of our journey's end tended to make us careless. Holding my staff somewhat heedlessly with my left hand, it so unexpectedly caught in a small fissure that my feet slipped from under me, and I fell. The smart jerk upon the rope drew out the knot, which must have been undoing for some time; and being at the end of the cord, I found myself loosed from the whole party and descending the precipitous glacier with earnal velocity. Instantly a cry of horror from above announced that the accident had been dis covered. But I was beyond their aid.

"I drew in my breath as I listened. That I was not instantly killed in striking at the foot of the precipiece, down which I had first descended, was owing to my position of feet foremost; but the shock of the concussion left a feeling as of paralysis. My staff I still retained; but the point had caught and broken off. Down I went directly into the yawning end of a fissure, my staff catching feebly at the jagged walls. No doubt the fissure was hundreds of feet in depth, but I was not destined to sound the bottom."

"No!"

"The rains and thaws, the catching and splintering of crumbling avalanches, had poured tons of shelly ice directly into the mouth of the chasm; and apart from being severely scratched by the sharp particles, and being stunned by the force of my stopping, after the rapidity of my descent, I was not seriously injured when I stopped. There I was, in a well-like aperture of rattling, shelly ice, and unconscious. The rest of what I learnt later."

"But you are alive, Rawdon."

"Yes. Mouified as the whole party were, they had yet the sense to hasten the descent to the hamlet, and procure ropes and lights—for night had then set in. 'To secure the body,' said the guides. And the news spread, and the cry went echoing along the village, 'Man lost Man lost in a chasm!'

"In an hour's time the two guides, De Vare and Moulett, and another guide, were ready to ascend the slight distance to the point where the accident happened. Just outside the hamlet they were surprised to be joined by Jennie Dessonard. She was known to be as fleet of foot as the chamois, and no one disputed her right to accompany the party. They toiled up in the fissure where I had disappeared, and then held a consultation. Was it best to lower a lamp? Doubtless the depth would make such a proceeding useless. Should one of the men be lowered by the others? This was an expedition not to be coveted. The party consisted wholly of large, heavy men; their weight might make the grinding of the rope instant destruction; and, at any rate, would be attended by great danger even to those who held the rope. Yet there was no other alternative.

seemed so real that I touched De Vare's arm.

"'Do you notice any thing unusual there beyond the cone—toward the Chamounix?'

"He gazed steadily for a time and then spoke to the guide. Coutet sprang to his feet with a yell.

"'An avalanche! an avalanche!' shouted the guide in stentorian tones.

"We started just as Coutet had done; all taking a position to watch the descent. First, the movement was so gradual as hardly to be noticed; but, gathering power with its progress, it soon increased its speed until a dull roar was distinguishable.

"'What is its course?' anxiously inquired our host of De Vare.

"'Toward us, direct,' answered the imperturbable traveler.

"We were filled with consternation. As the roar increased, the villagers rushed from their beds in terror, uttering shrieks beat against the walls of the chasm; and then gave the signal to be drawn up.

"And drawn up we were in safety. I was borne back to the hamlet—where, though still unconscious, I was found to be living."

"But the escape was marvelous, Rawdon," I said.

"It was."

"And what of Jeanie?"

"She married Coutet."

A Young Girl Saved.

A New York paper says: A beautiful young girl visited the detectives in the Police Central Office and told them that she was betrothed to George Strauss, who was arrested for swindling. She desired to see him. She was with her ghardian, a wealthy merchant of Broadway. The detectives hesitated, but she was finally permitted to see the prisoner.

As she entered the cell Strauss shrank back. "So," said she, "you have been paying me attentions for over a year, and enveigled me into an engagement, but, thank God, I found you out ere it was too late. You are a swindler and villain, and I never want to see you again. Here, take back your ring," extending an engagement ring richly set with diamonds.

Strauss turned away, but the girl dashed the ring at his feet, and went from the cell weeping.

On an enamelled card which was handed to the Sun reporter was engraved, "Rosalie Mayer. She said that about twelve months ago she became acquainted with Strauss, who professed to be very wealthy. He frequently visited her and escorted her to the gardens in the neighborhood. She noticed that he was recognized many times by men whom the detectives have arrested.

Mrs. Rehfuss and her daughter, Minnie, of 411 East Twenty-fourth street, and Mrs. Frederica Silliff, of 551 Ninth avenue, visited the Central Office and asked to see the prisoners. Mrs. Silliff, who is a widow, about a fortnight ago was swindled out of $250 by purchasing two worthless watches. The prisoner having been conducted into the back room of the outer office among about thirty detectives and reporters, the women entered the room. Miss Minnie recognized Strauss, and cried out, "Das ist der greenhorn!" Mrs. Silliff gazed at him a moment and said, "Yaw, das ist der greenhorn." She was about to pound him with her umbrella, but the detectives interfered. Lindheim was identified as one of the men who had swindled Mrs. Rehfuss.

Mrs. Rehfuss said that Strauss visited her and told her an effecting story of having just landed and having been robbed. In the conversation Lindheim entered. To him Strauss appealed, saying. "Oh, if you sir, but assist me to get my things out of the Custom House, I would give you $20 and a piece of silk and some lace." "Why," Lindheim replied, "that would be worth $600! I am afraid you would remove your trunks as soon as you got it. How much do you want?" "Well," said Strauss, "$250 would do. Good gentleman, help me!" "Well, I would," was the reply, "but I am afraid to trust strangers. Have you nothing else you could leave?" "Yes," said Strauss, reluctantly, "I have two splendid gold watches and chains, but they were intrusted to me to take as a present to a gentleman in San Francisco. I would be afraid to let them go out of my sight." "Let me see them," said Lindheim, "that will do no harm."

Strauss showed him the watches. "These are worth a thousand dollars," said Lindheim, seemingly surprised. Strauss took a handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it about his face, saying that he had a terrible toothache. Lindheim whispered to Mrs. Rehfuss, "You might as well make a little money out of this. You are a poor woman; I am wealthy." She paid for the watches, and Strauss and Lindeim departed. She shortly afterward learned that she had been swindled.

Mrs. Silliff, who was swindled out of $250, is penniless. Strauss and Lindheim were committed at the Tombs. The other two were sent to College Point, L. I., for identification by Mrs. Sophia Weiss, who was swindled out of $155.

THE PRESS.—There is no editor of a newspaper or magazine who is not constantly returning manuscripts full of useful and good material, which he cannot publish because it is not readable. The style is turgid or involved, or affected, or slovenly or diffuse. If the style happens to be good, the subject is uninteresting, or is treated for scholars, and lumbered with redundant learning. Of course the editor would not hurt the pride of the writers, and in politeness he simply says that their productions are not 'available.' They think the editor stupid, and he is content, so long as they do not accuse him of illnature. It is only when they charge him with the purpose of refusing all writing that is better than his own that he loses patience, and regrets that he had not been frank and definite in the statement of his reasons for declining their offerings.—*Scribner's.*

BUTTERFLIES.—People are not accustomed to regard butterflies as a nuisance, but Florence was, a short time ago, invaded by such a quantity of them that they were called a plague. In several of the streets the passage was almost obstructed by these insects, which swarmed in thick clouds around the gas lights in the evening. Fires were lighted by order of the municipality, and soon the bodies of the butterflies formed a thick layer upon the streets.

The Irrepressible Yankee.

Dr. Holmes, in his "Breakfast Table" article makes "the master" talk as follows:—

We talk about Yankee—a New Englander — as if all of 'em were just the same kind of animals. "There is knowledge and knowledge," said John Bunyan. There are Yankees and Yankees. Do you know two native trees called pitch pine and white pine respectively? Of course you know 'em. Well, there are pitch pine Yankees and White pine Yankees. We don't talk about the inherited differences of men quite as freely, perhaps, as they do in the Old World, but republicanism doesn't alter the laws of physiology. We have a native aristocracy, a superior race, just as plainly marked by nature as of a higher and finer grade than the common run of people as the white pine is marked in its form, its stature, its bark, its delicate foliage, as being of the nobility of the forest; and the pitch pine, stubbed, rough, coarse-haired, as of the plebeian order. Only the strange thing is to see in what a capricious way our natural nobility is distributed. The last born nobleman I saw was only this morning; he was pulling a rope that was fastened to a Maine schooner loaded with lumber. I should say he was about twenty years old, as fine a figure of a young man as you would ask to see, and with a regular Greek outline of countenance, waving hair that fell as if a sculptor had massed it to copy, and a complexion as rich as a red sunset. I have a notion that the State of Maine breeds the natural nobility in a larger proportion than some other States, but they spring up in all sorts of out of the way places. The young fellow I saw this morning had on an old flannel shirt and a pair of pantaloons that meant hard work, and a cheap cloth cap pushed back on his head so as to let the large waves of hair straggle out over his forehead; he was tugging at his rope with the other sailors, but upon my word I don't think I have seen a young English nobleman of all those whom I have looked upon that answered to the notion of "blood" so well as this young fellow did. I suppose if I had made such a levelling confession as this in public people would think I was looking towards being the labor reform candidate for President. But I should go on and spoil my prospect by saying that I don't think the white pine Yankee is the more generally prevailing growth, but rather the pitch pine Yankee.

THE PROFITS OF BASE BALL TOSSING.—A New York correspondent of the Chicago *Times* gossips as follows concerning professional base ball players:— The Mutuals, of New York, pay an average of $1,200 each to eleven players. The Athletics of Philadelphia, pay $12,200 to eleven players. The Baltimore Club, of that city, have appropriated $12,100 for ten players. Harry Wright's great Boston Club receive an average of $1,200, some of the players not receiving more than $900 or $1,000, while it is said that the two Wrights—Harry, the captain, and his brother George, the short stop, and best general player in the country—each is paid $3,000. The Haymakers, of Troy pay the largest amount in gross, they disbursing $15,600 for twelve players an average of $1,300. The Cleveland Forest City club pay their men an average of $1,500. When it is considered these amounts are for seven month's service, it will be admitted that the pay is not bad. It is, however, unevenly distributed, the catcher and pitcher getting the larger share. Some of the pitchers get as much as $3,000, because so much of the success of the season depends upon the skill, endurance and stamina of the pitcher. Indeed, I have been told that it requires to tempt Arthur Cummings from the side of his pretty, new-married wife, no less a sum than $3,500, or at the rate of $125 a week for seven months, with all railroad and steamboat fares, hotel bills, &c., paid while travelling. Cummings was formerly pitcher for the Stars of Brooklyn, but is now engaged by the Mutuals. He is said to be the best pitcher in the country.

FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.—Dyspepsia is a weak stomach made weak by overwork, and, like a man made weak by overwork, it needs rest, needs repose; but, as we cannot live without eating, the necessity must be met by giving the stomach as little work to do as possible and that work should be easy, just as we ourselves, in the weakness of recovery from disease, invite our strength back by doing but little work and that which can be easily done. The cure of most cases of Dyspepsia becomes extremely simple and very certain, if these few first principles are judiciously applied in any given case—to wit: give the stomach but little to do; let that little be of a kind which is easily done, and let both be so arranged that the stomach may do its work easily and speedily and have abundant time for rest. The work of the stomach is called "digestion," and means the process of preparing the food for yielding its nutrient portions to the system, to give it warmth, growth and strength. As a general thing, dyspeptics should not drink anything at meals, because there is a liquid in the stomach which dissolves the food—in a sense, melts it. If cold water is drunk, it cools this stomach-liquid, and it loses its power of melting the food, so to speak; as the cooler the water is, the less is it able to melt the ice in it. Of course, every physiologist knows that this comparison is not critically true; but it conveys the essential practical idea to the minds of the masses.

INVENTIONS.—The greatest inventions seem to have been almost simultaneously duplicated. Faust and Guttenburg still divide the honor of discovering the art of printing; and of the rival claimants of discovering the invaluable use of ether, either may receive the praise. When Watt cudgeled the steam engine out of his brain, it was found that a mad Frenchman had projected the whole thing on paper long before, and been imprisoned for boring people with his diagrams. When Morse threw off the magnetic telegraph as a spark from his electric mind, it was only to find that Ampere was already familiar with the affair. And poor Elias Howe could not be allowed to have the glory of making the sewing-machine all to himself, but Thimonnier disputed his claim, and made all France believe he had actually designed the thing, even though the cunning Yankee had got the start in the small matter of execution. Thimonnier's widow died a few weeks ago, and was buried in great pomp, the sewing machine manufacturers turning out in great number to pay their respect to the memory of the inventor of their craft, and after the funeral they dined together and subscribed two thousand dollars for a monument to "The Inventor of Sewing-machines."

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.—Dr. Dio Lewis relates how he lived for a week on food that cost 54½ cents. He worked hard meantime, and gained half a pound. He took two meals a day. The following are specimen ones: Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. Dinner the same. Total cost, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with a half a cent's worth of vinegar. Wednesday dinner, two cents' worth of beef stew, a quarter of a cent's worth of pepper, and a cent's worth of hominy pudding. Saturday dinner, lobster, three cents; bread, one cent; hominy salad, one cent; cracked wheat and milk, two cents. This day he had a "spree"—cost, seven cents.

Pimpkin Versus Bodkin.

Jeremiah Pimpkin was an honorable citizen and a householder, and among his class he was an oracle. He flattered himself on his shrewdness. He often declared that he should have been a lawyer. He fancied that Solon Bodkin, Esquire, would have fared but slimly against him in forensic contest. Pimpkin raised turkeys, and upon a certain occasion it happened that a prowling dog made a raid upon his flock and killed four fine gobblers that were being fatted for the Thanksgiving market. Pimpkin make due inquiry and investigation, and satisfied himself beyond a peradventure that the marauding canine was the property of Lawyer Bodkin. Here was an opportunity he had long coveted. He waited upon the lawyer in his office, and was warmly welcomed, and invited to a seat.

"Squire," said Pimpkin, "s'pose a neighbor's dog should kill a lot of my turkeys, could I recover damages by law?"

"Certainly," replied Bodkin, "you can recover—that is, if you can prove the fact."

"O, I can prove it. I've got the evidence all right and tight. And so you think there can be no doubt?"

"Not in the least. And now, what are the circumstances?"

"Well, Squire, last night *your* dog killed four of *my* best turkeys. What do you think about it now?"

"Why, my dear sir, I think you can recover. That is the law. What is the amount of damage?"

"Them turkeys was worth a dollar apiece, Squire. Four dollars will settle."

"All right," said Bodkin. "I wish to deal legally. Here is the sum."

And the lawyer handed over the four dollars which Pimpkin took with a chuckle, and then departed.

Jeremiah Pimpkin had reached his home, having related his sharp practice with the lawyer to all his friends whom he had met on the way, and had just told the story to his wife, when Deputy Sheriff Reacher unceremoniously entered his domicile.

"A small bill, Mr. Pimpkin, which Squire Bodkin says I will collect or he will sue it to-day."

"A bill!—Squire Bodkin!" echoed Pimpkin, aghast.

"Yes," smiled the Sheriff—a bill for professional services in the case of 'Pimpkin *versus* Bodkin.' He says you sought advice upon legal points bearing on the case. The bill is five dollars, sir—expense of officer, one dollar—total, six dollars."

Pimpkin scratched his head vigorously, but he could scratch no path out from the trouble. He paid the bill, and from that time he was never heard to speak boastingly of his legal acumen.

Sagacity of a Mare.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity (is it not reason?) of a horse has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher of Norwegian, owns an unbroken cayuse mare which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare, which is very wild, has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had returned, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing, and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time he got up and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed; but she immediately returned, and if possible increased her demonstrations; he again went out, when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy of allowing any one to come within reach of her, then ran on a few yards before him continuing her neighing then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him rubbing against him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten her away. As soon, however, as he turned toward the house she returned and tried in every way to prevent him from doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact he had not noticed before as it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field; where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone, Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neigobors, and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy; and afterward, when the men had got out of the hole, she came up to Mr. F., and placing her nose on his shoulder gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason?

QUEER WAY TO MEND A BROKEN LEG.—This morning, writes a correspondent from Rome, Italy, on the 10th of August, an English gentleman, with a florid face and white whiskers was returning to Rome on his horse, after taking a ride in the neighborhood of the Porta Pia. In crossing the via Felice' the horse unfortunately stumbled and fell. The animal rose unhurt, but the gentleman had dislocated his knee by the fall. Several persons ran to his assistance and carried him to a house. The faces of the bystanders were full of alarm and pity, while that of the brave Englishman remained unmoved; his cheeks were as red and his face as calm as before the accident. As soon as they had seated him in an arm-chair, he began to feel his knee carefully. "Shall we send for a doctor?" they asked. "Oh! no, is there a carpenter near here?" he inquired. "Yes, there is one close by." "Be so kind as to help me to go to him." Half laughing and half inclined to think he was insane, two young men took him to the joiners. Once more seated, he asked for a sheet and rolled it round his leg. Then, after once more feeling the knee joint, he put it into the screw-vice and told the joiner to tighten it prudently. At first, with some hesitation, and afterward encouraged by the composure and authoritative manner of the foreigner, the man did as he was told and tightened the screw slowly, while the patient made the most singular grimace, till at last he called out: "Enough!" and tossing a crown to the carpenter got on his horse and galloped away, leaving the bystanders convulsed with laughter at this singular chirurgical operation.

COAL FIELDS.—There are 15,000 square miles of coal fields in which Pittsburg is interested, and $15,000,000 of Pittsburg capital is invested therein. Probably $25,000,000 more is invested in transportation, and the total of all interests dependant upon these coal fields cannot fall short of the enormous sum of $100,000,000.

The United States inspectors in the case of the Metis censure the captain and all the crew in their report. They moreover revoke the licences of the captain and the first and second pilot, and suspend that of the chief mate for six months.

The Tempest.

Bravery I lay no claim to I was, still never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human of elementary strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of battle when swords were gleaming and encircling around me like fiery serpents of the air; I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rendering its oaks from rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds. I have seen those things with a swelling soul that recked not of danger, but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid, I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but they avail me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart sinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder has its origin in an incident that occurred when I was ten. I had a cousin, a girl, of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of a score of years, that countenance is so familiar to me. I can see the bright, young creature—her large eyes flashing like beautiful gems, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyfulness of a bird's, and when she bounded over wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstacy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going where all things were beautiful and happy, like her.

It was morning in the middle of August. She had been passing some days at my father's house, and was to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense from a burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea were abroad in boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain about a mile away, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same moment a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it were the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud unrolled like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm and the leaves were motionless as before; there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible.

As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall, ragged precipice. Here we gazed almost breathless upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature, who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with a desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered above us. I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundation, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating; the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the idol of my infant love—stretched upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the path of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright disheveled ringlets clustered around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there—the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life!

I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on their wings of light and shadow, but the scene I have portrayed still comes over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky as if calling to the clouds for a drink, is an emblem of noiseless decay. A year ago I visited that spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by the whirlwind—in the memory that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow clouds, and where sunlit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of instinct, and seems, indeed, a part of my existence.—*George D. Prentice.*

IRON.—In 1865 the annual production of iron was about 7,000,000 tons, and at that time the consumption of Great Britain was 144 pounds, and of the United States 84 pounds, while the average consumption of the world was only 17 pounds per head of population. Last year the total production of the world had reached 13,500,000 tons, while the consumption had risen in England to 200 pounds, in the United States to 150 pounds and in the whole world to 30 pounds per head. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the rate of increase in the consumption of iron in the future will correspond with the experiences of the past.

LYNCH LAW.—The Newtown *Kansan* learns from a gentleman just arrived from Caldwell, that about three weeks ago a party of men went to a ranche Soutwest of Caldwell, occupied by four women who kept it as a secret rendezvous for the horse thieves who ply their trade along the south border of the State. At the ranche they found seven men, who were recognized as old offenders; these and the women they took a short distance from the ranche to a piece of timber and hung the whole gang.

The Pi-Utes.

A correspondent of a Western paper furnishes some statements in regard to the Pi-Ute Indians which modify our ideas of that tribe. The Pi-Utes and the Washoe Indians live in Nevada. The former are rapidly adopting white ways, and are becoming uninteresting. The men saw wood, black boots, and do odd jobs. The women are laundresses, and are no longer romantic. The Pi-Utes are the Digger Indians, and they can fight, as many a battle field shows. The women are drudges in the tribe. A gentle savage, who has any pretention to being a leading man, has, as a general thing, two or three wives, who roam about in the most abject and miserable condition. The children are left to get along as best they can, and may frequently be seen, in the most inclement winter weather, with little or no clothing upon their bodies. They are left to grow up or die, as chance may have it, and must look out for themselves. As a consequence of this, there is but little family affection, and not much respect is paid to the seniors by the younger members of the tribe.

In early times, the Pi-Utes had a terrible war with the Washoes, and, after defeating them, carried off all their best-looking women and their horses. For years, the Washoes were kept in subjection, and it was only after the whites settled in the country that they were again enabled to own horses and arms, and keep their women for themselves. The Washoes seem to be an utterly heart-broken race of beings, and it is difficult to conceive of any lower depth which a human being can be reduced to than being the slave or vassal of a Pi-Ute. They ruled over the Washoes with an iron rod. The latter had nothing they could call their own, and, when they had gathered a winter's supply of grass seeds, roots, and pine nuts, along came their inexorable task-masters, and carried off everything. Lodges, women, baskets, horses, food of every kind and description, were appropriated by them, and the starving Washoes were turned out among the bleak hills, with no more subsistence than the wolves themselves.

General Halleck says it is almost impossible to tell the difference between a party of Pi-Utes and a party of Chinese, if they were talking, and in a place where they could not be seen. The Pi-Utes are singularly free from the vice of intemperance. Their women are virtuous, and unchastity is punished with death. The tribe is adopting civilization so rapidly that it is probable a few years will see them blended with the whites. Possibly future statesmen of Nevada will boast of their Pi-Ute blood, much in the same manner that Virginia politicians and Virginia gentlemen of our day boast of having the blood of Pocahontas in their veins.

A Sermon on "Push."

When Cousin Will was home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazle nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart.

The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited. "Push, push," was the cry. The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 25, '72

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscriber, with the cash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

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For Vice President
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The frauds and corruption in Philadelphia have defeated Buckalew and the democracy of the state. The Building commission ring, which is robbing the taxpayers of Philadelphia in a legalized way, furnished thousands of dollars—stolen money—to the radical corruption fund. This building commission ring, which has its heel upon the Philadelphia democrats would have been crushed, had it not been for the treachery of two democrats in the legislature, who sold out to the radical cut-throats of Philadelphia, and killed the repealing bill in committee, after it passed the senate.

This treachery of the two democratic members of the house, is now telling annually upon the democracy of the state, in the defeats we are sustaining.

JNO. H. ORVIS.—We are pleased to notice from the result of the recent election, that Mr Orvis has received at the polls, what the Reporter has been asking for him, and what he so well deserved, a vote ahead of the ticket—his majority stands highest, notwithstanding he was cut by a few in Penn and Ferguson. Mr. Buckalew's majority is 420, Mr. Orvis' majority, 506. There is only one instance in this ounty, for a long term of years in which the democratic legislative candidate ran ahead of the candidate for governor—this was in 1866 when we had the honor of being re-elected by 502, Clymer's majority being 471.

How Straight!

The O'Conor and Adams ticket is called a "straight" democratic ticket. Now that's about as straight as a hoop for Adams, like Greeley, formerly belonged to the opposite party.

Any democrat that can't vote for Greeley and Brown because it ain't "straight-out," and then goes for O'Conor and Adams because that is straight, must himself be as straight as the letter Z, or a gridiron struck by lightning.

Greeley and Brown stand upon a democratic platform, were nominated by a straight democratic convention, and few democrats will be led astray by so crooked a "stright" ticket, as O'Conor, and Adams, put in the field by men who favor Grant and who were paid by him.

More Fraud.

Lancaster county is brimfull of radical fraud, and a number of arrests have already been made, in addition to the arrest of Cameron's brother-in-law, who offered a judge $200 to stuff the ballot-box.

Captain McMeleu, member of the Select Council and a member of the Republican County Committee, and John Withlinger, a prominent broker and Radical, have been arrested and held in $1,500 each, to answer a charge of issuing fraudulent naturalization papers. McMelen made a strong effort to have the charge against him withdrawn, but Mayor Pyfer declined, stating that justice must be meted. There is considerable public excitement here over this arrest.

Cameron is after Forney, A Washington dispatch of 11th inst., says:

Senator Cameron arrived here last night, and has been engaged during the day in efforts to injure Col. Forney, whose scalp, he says, he is determined to have. The Senator had an interview with the President to-day and represented in effect that he had done everything in the late Pennsylvania contest and had shown his strength in the State, while Forney, had only shown his weakness. Cameron wanted the Administration to no longer recognize the editor of *The Press*, but to help him (Cameron) to drive Forney out of the party, as Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull and Fenton had been driven out. The Senator was listened to attentively, but the President was reticent. He then went to the various Departments and demanded that the Government advertising should be taken from the *Press*, but with what success is not known. He also endeavored to learn if Col. Forney had any appointments, and demanded that they too should be taken from him. Altogether the Senator manifested a good deal of the old vigor which gained for him the name of master of the Pennsylvania Ring.

"We will put down the cursed Copperheads of Centre county, in November."

So say some of the radical leaders of this county. Democrats what do you say about it, will you stay at home and let the rads carry out their boast of defeating you in our county? No, No, Never. Up, and send them up Salt River so far as our good old county is concerned. Democrats remember their impudent boast.

To the Pennsvalley Democracy.

Democrats of Penns valley, and of Brushvalley, you made a proud record for yourselves, at the recent election, by the increased majorities rolled up for Buckalew and honest government and in opposition to the plundering Cameron-Hartranft ring. It was a vote that you can ever be proud of, although fraud, and ballot-box stuffiuing in other localities have defeated your wishes and the wishes of the honest people of Pennsylvania, who yearned for reform in the election of the noblest statesman of our commonwealth, Chas. R. Buckalew, and displacing the rogues who do the bidding of the Harrisburg ring, that has for years been robbing the treasury.

To you, democrats of this side, belongs the honor of saving our county, although not a man from this section was upon the ticket, thus nobly evincing your disinterested patriotism, and determination that a good ticket should be elected, without regard to locality. All the greater is the credit due our noble democracy, for the patriotic work done on the 8th inst.

Democrats of this side,—aye, democrats of the entire county,—on the 5th of November, is another and greater battle. Brave men you have been in the past; you never faltered under defeat heretofore—has the late defeat, brought about by foul means, disheartened you, for the 5th of November battle, and will you permit that great contest to go by default?

Will you allow a dastardly enemy to ride over the course, and grasp another four years of power to practice usurpation and tyranny, and to plunder our debt ridden country, without offering resistance at the ballot-box? No! again, No! we answer in your name. We say that you will do your duty as men and democrats, on the 5th of November, as nobly as you performed your duty in years past.

Democrats, the contest is not hopeless, as we exhibited in last week's Reporter, although Pennsylvania was bought up by the ring. Go to the polls, and do your duty as men. If the states that went democratic this summer, show the same result in November—and we have every reason to believe they will—it makes Greeley's election certain without Pennsylvania.

But let us do our duty, and fight the plunderers again, even though we believed the contest was hopeless.

The radicals are boasting they will carry the county in November, because, they say, the democrats are disheartened. Do not let Centre county be digraced by a radical victory. If all the rest do go worshipping false gods, determine that good old Centre shall not be disgraced by being carried by the minions of Grant.

Keep old Centre pure, fellow democrats.

Let every democrat appear at the polls, on 5th of November, and vote the democratic electoral ticket nominated by the democratic convention at Reading. Every man upon it is a sound old democrat.

Let not a single democrat go back upon the electoral ticket of the convention that nominated Mr. Buckalew.

Mr. Greeley's speeches, during his late tour, are those of a patriot and a statesman, and his enemies can pick no flaw in a single utterance he made.

Democrats of this side, and the entire county, do your whole duty on Tuesday, Nov. 5, and show the rads that you can keep them down at home.

Is there a single democrat, willing to see the county carried by the rads, in November, which they now boast they will?

Arouse, then democrats, for the November battle, and let's give the enemy, in Centre county, a worse defeat than we administered to them on 8th inst.

The Convention.

The constitutional convention, which meets at Harrisburg on 12th of next month, will be composed of 69 republicans, and 64 democrats.

In the convention will be some of the most distinguished men of the commonwealth. Among them will be G. W. Woodward and William M. Meredith, who took an active and prominent part in the convention which formed the constitution of 1838. Jeremiah S. Black, A. G. Curtin, Franklin B. Gowen, John H. Walker and H. N. M'Allister are among the delegates at large. Besides these W. J. Baer, R. A. Lamberton, S.C. Dodd, Linn Bartholomew, A. A. Purman, James Ellis and others will bring much ability to the deliberations of the convention. In the delegation from Philadelphia are Theodore Cuyler, Henry C. Carey, George M. Dallas and Geo. W. Biddle. The rest are, like the legislators of that city, men of no note, and mere ring nominations.

The delegates to the constitutional convention will meet in the hall of the house of representatives on the 12th of November. Preparations for their reception have already commenced. As there will be a body of one hundred and thirty-three delegates, additional desks will be placed in the hall. The convention will be able to occupy the hall for nearly two months, when they will be obliged to make way for the members of the house on the meeting of the legislature. By that time much of the work of the convention will be completed, and for the remainder of the session the delegates will probably meet in Philadelphia, unless accommodation can be provided for them in one of the large and commodious churches of this city.

More Fraud

A Pennsylvania Congressman and U. S. Revenue Officials Arrested on Charges of Bribing Voters.

NEW YORK, October 17.—A dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says that Internal Revenue Collector Hoyt, L. D. Shoemaker, candidate for Congress, ex Mayor Lories, of Scranton, and Revenue Assessor Gaines, have been arrested on a charge of bribing voters at the recent election.

The Mayor and Postmaster of Scranton, Pa., was also arrested for bribery. Advices report the arrest of the Mayor and Postmaster of that city, with that of several prominent officials, on a charge of ballot-box stuffing and bribery. These men are alleged to have bought voters and bribed judges. Affidavits in the cases are already in hand.

Another Brother-in-Law.

The New York Tribune makes the following statement:

The Associated Press dispatch which announces the order for the arrest of Dr. Muhlenberg, United States Collector of Internal Revenue at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for an attempt to bribe the Election Judge to stuff the ballot box against Buckalew, would have been fairer if it had told the whole truth. The United States Collector, thus punished for an effort to bribe an Election Judge to aid in the fraudulent defeat of Buckalew, is the brother-in-law of Simon Cameron! How many of Cameron's agents succeeded in efforts like this in which his brother-in-law failed? And in face of a demonstration like this, of the way in which Pennsylvania was carried, how much longer will reputable men, who would be ashamed to be caught in dishonesty to the extent of a dime, continue to rejoice over the gigantic corruption that, in one dishonest way and another, reversed the will of a State? How much longer will honest men shut their eyes to sights like this of Simon Cameron's brother-in-law under arrest, for attempted ballot-box stuffing, and repeat the stale answer, "Oh! I don't mind these stories of fraud. The defeated party always calls out fraud." That is what we used to hear in answer to every protest against the outrages of the Tammany Ring. By and by there came an earthquake, and the name of Tweed is now as infamous as, one day, that of Simon Cameron will be.

To be Brought to Justice—Attempt to Bribe an Election Judge.

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 14.—Complaint was made to-day, before Alderman Amweg, Reinhardt Reiner, Election Judge of the Eighth ward, of Lancaster, against Dr. H. E. Muhlenberg, United States Collector of Revenue, and a brother-in-law of Simon Cameron, for offering said election Judge $200 if he would stuff the ballot box to reduce Buckalew's majority to one hundred in said ward. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Muhlenberg.

Mark this, from the Lycoming 'Standard' of yesterday: Some fifty or sixty negroes were colonized in Lock Haven within twelve days before the election. All voted. The next morning after the election they were all at the railroad depot with their carpet bags, and took the first train for their homes. We have this same account from nearly all the towns in the State. Especially was this the case in Bellefonte and other towns where some prominent honest Republicans took ground against the Treasury ring and its candidate for Governor, the object being to disgrace these men by showing an increased Radical vote at their own polls. That purpose will fail, and the fraud will recoil upon its authors. The radicals polled many more fraudulent votes in the State than they can count majority.

GRANT'S BEEF-EATERS IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Frenchman's Bay is a custom-house district in Maine. The whole foreign trade of that district for 1871-2 was:

Imports	$928
Exports	Nil

This immense business was superintended by the following officials:

	Salary.
N K Sawyer, Collector	$1,310,10
M Hale, Special Deputy	1,200,00
D H Mareyes, Deputy	780.00
John D Hill, Deputy	600.00
H D Coombs, Deputy	600.00
Samuel Dutton, Jr.	600.00
W B Peters, Inspector	1,095.00
S A Holden, Inspector	500.00
S M McFarland	360.00
Total	$6,995.10

EIGHTEENTH CONGRESS DISTRICT—OFFICIAL

	Sherwood—D.	Ross—R.
Potter	846	1,684
Tioga	2,582	5,316
Centre	3,713	3,318
Clinton	2,588	2,057
Lycoming	4,858	4,666
Total	14,627	17,041
		14,672
Ross' maj		2,414

OFFICIAL VOTE FOR DISTRICT DELEGATES.

	M'Culloch,	Sterrett,	Bailey,	Reed.
Huntingdon	3483	2941	2225	2385
Juniata	1446	1541	1665	1585
Centre	3277	3286	3548	3692
Mifflin	1584	1645	1709	1668
Total	9792	9413	9387	9577

The three highest are elected, namely Messrs. Bailey and Reed, democrats and M'Culloch, radical.

The Next Legislature.

The next legislature will stand as follows:

Senate, Radicals,	18
" Democrats	14
" Lib. Rep.	1
Republican majority	3
House, Radicals,	60
" Democrats,	39
"Lib. Rep.	1
Radical majority	20

or a majority, on joint ballot, of 23 for the radicals.

Stupendous Robbery. Bank Burglarized Over $850,000.

Troy, Oct. 14.—The Saratoga county bank, at Waterford, was robbed at an early hour this morning, of over three hundred thousand dollars, by a gang of nine desperadoes, disguised in ku-klux uniforms. The robbers secreted themselves in the house of the cashier early last evening, and afterwards bound and gagged the entire family except the cashier, who they compelled to open the vaults of the bank. The loss to the bank is about eight thousand five hundred dollars. Special depositors will lose about three hundred thousand dollars in U. S. bonds and stocks.

Guilty of Murder in the Second Degree.

Harrisburg, Pa., October 14.—In the case of Emanual Shaffner, on a new trial to-day, for the murder of his two wives and John Sharlock by poisoning, the prisoner plead guilty of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for thirty-six years—twelve years on each indictment.

Address of the National Democratic Committee.

Call for a Manful Struggle for Liberty, an Untainted Ballot-Box and an Honest Administration of the Government.

The following address has been issued by the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee:

Address of the national democratic committee to the people of the United States.

The October elections are over. They enable us to form a tolerable accurate idea of the true political situation of the country.

In Georgia we have to recount a victory for the Liberal ticket so unexampled as to take her out of the list of doubtful States, and practically to pronounce in advance the decision of at least one hundred and twenty five votes in the Electoral College. To this number it is only necessary to add sixty votes to elect Greeley and Brown.

In Pennsylvania the distinguished Chairman of the Liberal Committee has eloquently characterized the methods by which the result of the election there was accomplished. We commend his statement to the thoughtful attention of the country.

In Ohio, despite most unprecedented gains for the Liberal-Democratic ticked, the Grant managers have carried the election by a reduced majority, having brought to the polls their entire reserve vote. Had our democratic friends in certain localities of that great Commonwealth shown the same earnestness and activity, and enabled us like our enemies to record our entire strength, they would now be exulting over a brilliant victory. In Indiana the Democratic and Liberal forces have achieved a most important success over Pennsylvania tactics most unscrupulously employed by the administration and its allies, showing thus that a free people when aroused know their rights and dare maintain them. Indiana has fairly demonstrated that she can neither be "bought nor bullied." The moral of these results is that victory is still in plain view for our national ticket, and that energy and courage will assure it That victory must be won. It we mean to preserve free institutions on this continent we must assure it.

The event in Pennsylvania, on Tues day last, when considered in its causes, is the most appalling political catastrophe that has ever taken place in this country. Should the system through which this catastrophy was brought about be condoned by the people and foisted on the other States, it seals the doom of freedom in America. A sad contrast it is surely that the city in which our Republic was born, amid the anthems of a free people, should now be the first to toll the knell of its liberties. It is for the free and unbought people of all the States to calmly review the fearful crime against suffrage in Pennsylvania, and to decide whether it shall be repeated within their own borders.

For the first time the system of free government and the sanctity of the ballot are really on trial in the United States. From this hour forward, the preservation of the franchise in its integrity dwarfs all other issues.

Let our friends in each of the States catch inspiration from the heroic conduct of our fellow-citizens in Georgia and Indiana; and from now till November let their struggle be manful and unceasing for liberty and an untainted ballot-box, for reform and an honest administration of the government.

AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
Chairman National Democratic Committee.

PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL VOTE OF 1869 & 1872

	1872. GOVERNOR		1869. GOVERNOR	
COUNTIES.	Hartranft.	Buckalew.	PACKER, DEM.	GEARY, RAD.
Adams	2705	3038	3099	2022
Allegheny	25771	16490	18301	17858
Armstrong	4434	3469	3079	3439
Beaver	3685	2882	2402	3096
Bedford	2973	2977	2832	2485
Berks	7898	13947	13581	6971
Blair	4293	3944	3773	3484
Bradford	7443	4434	3686	6553
Bucks	7278	7658	7061	6505
Butler	3685	3540	2994	3259
Cambria	2823	3530	3187	2529
Cameron	572	651	423	471
Carbon	2444	2533	2625	1940
Centre	3292	3712	3464	3102
Chester	9586	6510	6446	8230
Clarion	2737	3588	2831	1785
Clearfield	1966	3432	3015	1799
Clinton	2018	2632	2509	1890
Columbia	2110	3826	3714	1845
Craford	7031	6465	4865	6107
Cumberland	4176	4614	4408	3541
Dauphin	7450	5113	4528	5660
Delaware	4339	2938	2295	3529
Elk	682	1193	968	475
Erie	7469	5272	4838	6498
Fayette	3954	4631	4229	3340
Forrest	418	340	293	365
Franklin	4505	4182	4006	3698
Fulton	797	1125	980	1060
Greene	1795	3459	2992	1542
Huntington	3249	2930	2568	2825
Indiana	4472	2149	2970	4003
Jefferson	2407	2247	3080	1967
Juniata	1352	1739	1642	1254
Lancaster	13774	9064	8816	12804
Lawrence	2429	1705	1492	3217
Lebanon	4285	2824	2696	4027
Lehigh	5355	6895	6133	4555
Luzerne	12341	14433	9936	8690
Lycoming	4689	5056	4587	4063
McKean	1025	950	696	880
Mercer	5572	4598	3785	4529
Mifflin	1786	1765	1902	1640
Monroe	658	2839	2962	659
Montgomery	8454	8463	8447	7363
Montour	1378	1623	1555	1099
Northampton	4880	8121	7449	4023
Northumb'd	4314	4393	4000	3497
Perry	2752	2514	2468	2439
Philadelphia	69278	48841	46802	51203
Pike	246	1124	1054	315
Potter	1466	1042	708	1334
Schuylkill	8880	9378	8801	7992
Snyder	1906	1372	1315	1719
Somerset	1490	1502	1709	2040
Sullivan	491	744	752	406
Susquehanna	4333	3403	2982	4064
Tioga	5504	2676	1825	4535
Union	2069	1374	1207	1758
Venango	5071	4455	3243	3407
Warren	3176	2333	1679	2480
Washington	5294	4940	4632	4476
Wayne	2119	3080	2715	2275
Westmore'ld	5591	6475	6195	4863
Wyoming	1561	1791	1772	1452
York	6400	8389	8826	5545
Total vote	353398	317853	285956	290554
	317853			285956
Rep., maj.	35549			4596

The Money.

From June 30, 1867 to June 30, 1869, being the two last years of President Johnson's term, the expenses of Congress, including books, amounted to $6,651,074. One would really suppose that this was enough to pay the way of our law makers very generously; but the succeeding Congress, the first under the amazingly economical *regime* of Gen. Grant, succeeding in wasting on their own expenses just $11,223,042.

In the Executive Department the increase was still greater. The last two years of the Administration of President Johnson, who was called all sorts of ugly names by the radicals, cost for this department $12,856,200—the first two years of that pink of radical perfection, Grant, cost $18,709,472, exclusive of the two millions expended in compiling the returns of the Census.

So it goes through each and every department; and yet the newspapers retained to defend Grant, as lawyers are retained to defend more obscure criminals, persist from day to day in holding the present Administration up as a model of economy.

Gen Grant.

HIS ECONOMY OF TRUTH.

Soon after the close of the war General Grant suffered himself to be drawn into a dilemma from which he was extricated with extreme discredit. At the time when the Tenure-of-office bill conflict raged and Secretary Stanton was suspended from his position at the head of the War Department by President Johnson, Grant was put by the President in Stanton's place. The Senate threatened to reinstate Mr. Stanton, and Grant was kept in by the President with the express understanding that he would either return the office to the President's possession in order to enable the President to appoint a successor before final action by the Senate, or would remain at its head awaiting a decision of the question by judicial proceedings. In disregard of the understanding and his distinct promise to the President, Grant vacated the office when Stanton demanded it, and without giving Mr. Johnson notice of his intention to do so. When Grant attempted to make it appear that he had *not* made the specified promises to President Johnson, he was confronted by the personal asseverations of members of the Cabinet, who testified to having *heard* him promise exactly as the President said he promised. There was no question in any mind, at the close of the correspondence on this subject, that Grant's recollection of what he said had utterly failed him.

HIS PERSONAL HABITS.

The question of Grant's habits frequently arose during the war and after, and the answers were generally unfavorable. Among the direct statements made was one from an eye-witness, who alleged that "individual instances of Grant's beastly drunkenness were not of rare occurrence." This witness gave the particulars of General Grant's intoxication at the St. Charles Hotel, Cairo, alleged that he was drunk on a "flag-of-truce" visit to Columbus, and spoke of his "disasterous spree" at Fort Donelson. President Johnson said Grant had been in his room at the White House "so drunk that he couldn't stand straight on his legs." Wendell Philips, in the 'Anti-Slavery Standard' of February 1, 1868, said, "New rumors reach us from Washington, coming from different and trustworthy sources, that General Grant has been unmistakingly drunk in the streets of that city within a few weeks." The 'Independent,' January 23, 1868, said he had been "fuddled in the streets." The 'Revolution' said, "General Grant is drunk half the time, and has been seen steadying himself in another's arms in Pennsylvania avenue." The Philadelphia 'Post,' in the face of all these allegations, said that "the charge now amounts to deliberate allegation, which the political friends of General Grant are bound to meet." But the charge has never been met by an authoritative denial, and has been repeated from time to time up to the present day.

SPECIMENS OF HIS ELOQUENCE.

President Grant has never pretended to be a speech-maker, and his reticence has been generally respected. Still it is surprising that a man brought before the public so often has never betrayed the lightest spark of originality, or wit, or humor in any of the numerous little addresses he has delivered, and of which the following are fair specimens:

At the great demonstration to sustain Andrew Johnson at the Cooper Institute, June 7, 1865, he said:

I thank you for this reception. If I were in the habit of speaking, I am so impressed by it that I would not be able to respond as I should like to do. You will have to excuse me.

His speech at the dinner given to him at the Astor House, 7, 1866, was as follows:

Gentlemen: I know you will excuse me from attempting to reply to your very flattering remarks.

At Kalamazoo, Michigan, Aug. 19, 1865 he said:

I am not going to reply to the address, gentlemen. I could not do so if I should try.

After a long and flattering address from the chief orator at the Union League Rooms, January 6, 1865, Grant said:

Gentlemen: I bid you good-night. I am much obliged to you for this reception.

Following is his speech at the Biddle House, Detroit, Aug. 16, 1865:

I bid you all good-night.

His speech at Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1865, shows how natural it has always been for Grant to lean on somebody's shoulder:

Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: Rev. Mr. Vincent, who has come out on the train from Chicago, has kindly consented to return my thanks for the hearty welcome which you have given me.

The following is an example of a speech very much mixed, in which Grant speaks of a thing done and not done in the same breath. It was delivered at Niagara Falls:

My modesty compels me to turn over that written speech to Mr. Hall, who will deliver it for me whenever it is written.

In this way Grant shifted the responsibility of his speeches upon other people, just as he used to shift the responsibility of a decision in time of battle upon his staff officers.

Recently, on his passage through Watertown, N. Y., [Aug. 2,] in company with Senator Conkling, he made one of the longest addresses of his life. Mark it:

After an absence of more than twenty years I fail to recognize a single one of all the faces I now see before me as familiar to me then. Your city has altered very much indeed since I last saw it. At that time I was a lieutenant stationed at Sackett's Harbor, which place I expect to see before I return.

When President Grant came into office, the first thing he did was to appoint a Cabinet of which one member, at least, (Mr. A. T. Stewart) was appointed contrary to law, and had to be withdrawn.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19.tf.

Presidential Election Tud'y Nov. 5.

LOTS AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Centre Hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 12th at 1 o'clock,

THREE ACRES OF GROUND

of which nearly 3 lots front the Main Street passing through Centre Hall. This tract will be sold in lots, or as a whole to suit purchasers, and at terms to suit buyers.

ALEX. SHANNON,
Agent for J. B. Evans

oct11.5t.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, D. W. Woodring, High Sheriff of Centre county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on TUESDAY the 5th day of NOVMBER, 1872, for the purpose of electing 29 persons to the electoral college for the election of a President and Vice President of the United States,

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of John Limbert, in the town of Aaronsburg.

For the township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Meryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, at the house of Chas. Smith, Old Fort.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher.

For the township of Ferguson, at the school house in Pine Grove.

For the township of Harris, at the school house in Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and spring and Benner townships, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the township of Walker, at the school house in Hublersburg.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Rush, at Cold Stream school house

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house of Samuel Askey.

For the township of Marion, at the school house in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, in the school house at Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Union, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the house of W. L. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of John Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and Union township, at Unionville school house.

The general Election in all the Townships, Districts and Boroughs of the county to be opened between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue without interruption or adjournment until seven o'clock in the evening, when all polls shall be closed.

Pursuant to the provisions contained in the 76th section or the act the judge of districts shall respectively take charge of the certificates or return of the election of their respective districts, produce them at a meeting of one judge from each district, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on the third day after the election, being for the present year, on Friday the eighth day of November, at one o'clock P.M., then and there to do and perform those duties required by law of said judges. Also, that when a judge, by sickness or unavoidable accident, is unable to attend said meeting of judges, then the certificate or return shall be taken charge of by one of the inspectors, or clerks of the election of said district, who shall do and perform the duties of said judge unable to attend.

Given under my hand and seal, at my office, in Bellefonte, this 5th day of Nov. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, and in the ninety sixth year of the Independence of the United States.

D. W. WOODRING,
Sheriff of Centre county

REGISTRY LAW.

I also give official notice to the electors of Centre county, that, by an act entitled An Act further supplemental to the act relative to the elections of this Commonwealth," approved April 17, A. D. 1869, it is provided as follows:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That it shall be the duty of each of the assessors within this Commonwealth, on the first Monday in June of each year, to take up the transcript he has received from the county Commissioners under the eighteenth section of the act of fifteenth April, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and proceed to an immediate revision of the same by striking therefrom the name of every person who is known by him to have died or removed since the last previous assessment from the district of which he is the assessor, or whose death or removal from the same shall be made known to him, and add to the same the name of any qualified voter who shall be known by him to have moved into the district since the last previous assessments, of whose removal notice shall have been made known to him, and also the names of all who shall make claim to him to be qualified voters therein. As soon as this revision is completed he shall visit every dwelling house in his district, and make careful inquiry if any person whose name is on his list has died or removed from the district, and if so, to take the same therefrom, or whether any qualified voter resides therein whose name is not on his list, and if so, to add the name thereto; and in all cases where a name is added to the list a tax shall forthwith be assessed against the person; and the assessor shall in all cases ascertain, by inquiry upon what ground the person assessed claims to be a voter. Upon the completion of the work, it shall be the duty of each assessor as aforesaid to proceed to make out a list in alphabetical order, of the white freemen above twenty-one years of age, claiming to be qualified voters in the ward, borough township or district of which he is the assessor, and opposite each of said names state whether said freeman is or is not a housekeeper; and if he is, the number of its residence, in towns where the same are numbered, with the street, alley or court in which situated and if in a town where there are no numbers, the name of the street, alley or court on which said house fronts; also the occupation of the person, and where he is not a housekeeper, the occupation, place of boarding and with whom, and if working for another, the name of the employer, and write opposite each of said names the word "voter;" where any person claims to vote by reason of naturalization, he shall exhibit his certificate thereof to the assessor, unless he has been for five consecutive years next preceding a voter in said district; and in all cases where the person has been naturalized the name shall be marked with the letter "N;" where the person has merely declared his intentions to become a citizen and designs to be naturalized before the next election, the name shall be marked "D. I.;" where the claim is to vote by reason of being between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two as provided by law, the word "age" shall be entered; and if a person has moved into the election district to reside since the last general election, the letter "R" shall be placed opposite the name. It shall be the futher duty of each assesor as aforesaid, upon the completion of the duties herein imposed, to make out a separate list of all new assessments made by him, and the amount assessed upon each and furnish the same immediately to the county commissioners, who shall add the ames to tax duplicate of the ward, borough, township or district in which they have been assessed.

SEC. 2. On the list being completed and the assessments made as aforesaid, it shall forthwith be returned to the county commissioners, who shall cause duplicate copies of said lists, with the observation and explanations required to be noted as aforesaid, to be made but as soon as so practicable and placed in the hands of the assessor, who, shall prior to the first of August in each year, put one copy thereof on the door or on the house where election of the respective district is required to be held, and retain the other in his possession, for the inspection, free of charge of any person residing in the said election district who shall desire to see the same; and it shall be the duty of the said assessor to add from time to time, on the personal application of any one claiming the right to vote, the name of such applicant, and mark opposite each name "C. N." and immediately assess him with a tax, noting, as in all other cases, his occupation, residence, whether a boarder or housekeeper; if a boarder, with whom he boards; and whether naturalized or designed to be, marking in all such cases the letters opposite the name, "N." or "D. I." as the case may be. If the person claiming to be assessed be naturalized, he shall exhibit to the assessor his certificate of naturalization; and if he claims that he designs to be naturalized before the next ensuing election, he shall exhibit the certificate of his declaration of intention in all cases where any ward, borough, township or election district is divided into two or more precincts, the assessor shall note in all his assessments the election precinct in which each elector resides and shall make a separate return for each to the county commissioners, in all cases in which a return is required from him by the provisions of this act; and the county commissioners, in making duplicate copies of all such returns shall make duplicate copies, seperately and shall furnish the same to the assessor; and the copies required by this act to be placed on the doors of or on election places on or before the first of August in each year, shall be placed on the door of or on the election place in each of said precincts.

SEC. 3. After the assesments have been completed on the tenth day preceding the second Tuesday in October of each year, the assessor shall on the Monday immediately following, make a return to the county commissioners of the names of all persons assessed by him since the return required to be made by him by the second section of this act, noting opposite each name the observations and explanations required to be noted as aforesaid; and the county commissioner shall thereupon cause the same to be added to the return required by the second section of this act, and a full and correct copy thereof to be made, containing the names of all persons so returned as resident taxables in said ward, borough, township, or precinct, and furnish the same, together with the necessary election blanks, to the officers of the election in said ward, borough, township, or precinct, on or before six o'clock in the morning of the second Tuesday in October, and no man shall be permitted to vote at the election on that day whose name is not on said list, unless he shall make proof of his right to vote, as hereinafter required.

SEC. 4. On the day of election any person whose name is not on the list, and claiming the right to vote at said election, shall produce at least one qualified voter of the district as a witness to the residence of the claimant in the district of which he claims to be a voter for the period of at least ten days next preceeding said election; which witness shall take and subscribe a written or partly written and printed affidavit to the fact stated by him, which affidavit shall define clearly where the residence is of the person so claiming to be a voter, and the person so claiming the right to vote shall also take and subscribe a writen or partly written and partly printed affidavit, stating to the best of his knowledge and belief, where and when he was born; that he is a citizen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and of the United States; that he has resided in the Commonwealth one year, or if formerly a citizen therein, and has moved therefrom, that he has resided therein six months next preceding said election, that he has not moved into the district for the purpose of voting therein; that he has paid a State or county tax within two years, which was assessed at least ten days before said election; and, if a naturalized citizen, shall also state when, where, and by what court he was naturalized, and shall also produce his certificate of naturalization for examination; the said affidavit shall also state when and where the tax claimed to be paid by the affidavit was assessed, and when, where and to whom paid and the tax receipt thereof shall be produced for examination, unless the affidavit shall state on his affidavit that it has been lost or destroyed, or that he never received any, but of the person so claiming the right to vote shall take and subscribe an affidavit, that he is a native born citizen of the United States, or if born elsewhere, state the fact in his affiant, and shall produce evidence that he has been naturalized, or that he is entitled to citizenship by reason of his father's naturalization; and shall further state in his affidavit that he is, at the time of taking the affidavit, between the age of twenty-one and twenty-two years; that he has resided in the State one year and in election district ten days next preceeding such election, he shall be allowed to vote, although he shall not have paid

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY Oct. 25., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

Rain on Wednesday.

—Supt. Magee flitted to Bellefonte, on Tuesday.

—Democrats, to the polls, Tuesday Nov. 5th.

—Col. C. A. Lyman, of Lock Haven, died on 15th inst.

—Adam being the first man, who is the first boy mentioned in Scripture? Why, Chap. I, of course.

—Centre Hall has some youthful smokers, who can turn a cigar into smoke and ashes with as much *nonchalant* as a Grant or a Yocum. Great is young America.

—The Tyrone Herald's rooster is about as awful as the frauds over which he crows The ugly critter looks as if he had the whooping cough.

—Alex. Shannon has gone to see the west. Hope he'll not buy it all.

—The heavy rain, on 7th inst., caused two milldams, near Wolf's store to be swept away.

Harrisburg, Oct. 14.—A locomotive ran into an omnibus at Lewistown bridge, on Saturday evening, killing the driver and injuring seven passengers.

—Do you want clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes, jewelry, notions, go to Jacob Krise, Milroy, he sells cheap, and desires the Pennsvalley trade to give him a call.

—We had quite a thunder gust, on last Friday evening. The lightning played as vividly and the thunder rolled as loudly as when occurring in July.

—Mr. Adam Stover, of Union Church, sent an apple to this office, measuring 14½ inches in circumference and weighing 18 ounces. This is a Greeley apple, and we'll bet our old beaver, that Brown can't eat 19 dumplings made of such apples.

—We are informed that in one township, Huston we believe, 6 votes were cast, at the recent election for P. G. Meek, for Assembly. Those fellows must have been going on the plan of some in old Berks, who are said to vote for Gen. Jackson at every election. The temperance ticket had 8 votes in this county.

—We made pretty correct calculations, before the election, as to the result in the five townships on this side, Potter, Miles, Gregg, Penn, and Haines, which, we said would give 1000 majority. The result shows that we came within a dozen of the official result. As to the democratic majority in the county, we put our figures at 500, and the result did not vary greatly from that. We however, missed it in our calculations upon the state, we underestimated the capacity of the radicals for fraud as well as of their corruption fund.

—Persons wanting anything in the line of Hardware, should always bear in mind, that Mr. M'Manigal, at Milroy, keeps a full assortment, and that it is an admitted fact, that he sells cheaper than any other establishment in central Penn'a. He is a perfect pattern of a fair-dealing gentlemen, and never seeks to impose upon or take advantage of a customer. These are facts, and our readers can have the proof, by giving him a trial, or asking those who have dealt with Mr. McManigal.

—SERIO-TRAGICO.—To bring on a crisis, have two or three boils on your sent, get on a truck-wagon with a warbling barrel of cider to sit upon, and drive over a rough road. We tried it this week on the Brushvalley road, and we need not say how smooth it is. When we were about to sit down on the barrel of apple juice and were ready to say, 'glang, we thought we'd sing Hail Columbia in order to draw our attention from where we expected the crisis to come in. But as we sat down, Hail Columbia nor Yankee Doodle warn't no-where—stars and comets immediately appeared, and the heavenly pyrotechnics seemed to go into full play in lieu of our national airs. Oh! just try it—delicious don't near convey the idea.

Not Constitutional to Choke a Vice President.

As one of the humors of the campaign, we relate an incident as furnished by a reader of the Reporter and which occured at Lock Haven.

The darkey porter of one of the hotels of that city was put in training by some of the white rads, who prepared a speech for Cuffy to be delivered at a meeting of his scented bretheren. The darkey meeting came off, and while the sable hotel porter was delivering his harange, the darks became enthused, and one of the Vice Presidents kept jumping up, occasionly to put in a word, and was always pulled back into his seat by the president, but as he would not keep down, the president administered a slight choking to the restless vice. This was strong argument, for the latter, he took up his hat and said he was for Greeley now, and left the stand, and went to some saloon where he related the circumstance, and gave it as his opinion, that "it was not constitutional for a President to choke a Vice President." Funny, but sound constitutional logic nevertheless.

BOYD HENDERSON IN TROUBLE.

Boyd Henderson—our Boyd and Lock Haven's Boyd-who went to Cuba as correspondent for the N. Y. Herald, has been nabbed, as the following intelligence shows:

HAVANA, October 16.—Boyd Henderson, of Pennsylvania, U. S., who came to Havana October 11, accompanied by his wife, was arrested last evening in the hotel Telegrit by the chief of police and taken to the police headquarters, where he is still confined, but is permitted to see his wife and friends.

The cause of his arrest is unknown, but it is said that he has been under suspicion ever since he arrived, and has been seen in communication with suspected sympathizers with the Cuban iusurgents. It is further reported that he is a Cuban by birth. He claims to be a native of the United States, traveling here solely for the benefit of his own and his wife's health.

Henderson has since been released.

—Wm. Wolf has just unpacke d a large and magnificent stock of fall goods, and is now ready to wait upon old and new customers. He has a full line and his assortment cannot be excelled in the valley. See advertisement.

Centre County Election----Oct. 8. 1872.

	Gov'nor. Buckalew	Congress. Harmanh	Congress. Sherwood	Assembl. Ross	Assembl. Orvis	Proth'y. Kurtz	Register. Williams	Register. Brew	Register. Morrison	Register. Eckenrath	Sheriff. Shuler	Sheriff. Miller	Com'isner Hinton	Com'isner Thompson	Coroner C. P. Fisher	Coroner C. P. Fisher	Auditor. Smith	Auditor. Thompson
W. Ward	63	92	63	94	58	88	52	94	55	91	47	100	54	93	52	94	53	94
S. Ward	106	115	108	113	118	102	97	102	110	111	97	124	108	112	111	110	108	112
N. Ward	80	146	83	144	94	131	75	150	82	145	71	154	85	141	81	146	79	148
Milesburg bor	36	100	37	100	37	100	35	102	37	100	36	101	38	99	38	99	37	100
Unionville bor	22	45	21	46	22	45	22	45	21	46	21	46	21	46	21	46	21	46
Howard bor	34	37	36	40	37	37	36	40	34	41	37	39	35	41	35	41	36	40
Philipsburg bor	119	168	118	173	118	173	119	172	118	173	113	178	118	173	118	173	118	173
Boggs	128	242	129	241	128	238	130	240	129	238	129	237	128	241	129	241	129	241
Benner	170	106	170	103	169	103	170	103	163	110	141	131	171	103	172	101	170	103
Burnside	32	46	32	46	32	46	32	46	32	46	31	47	35	43	32	46	32	46
Curtin	58	36	58	36	64	30	58	36	58	35	57	37	56	37	58	36	58	36
Ferguson	227	157	225	159	215	157	225	158	222	162	224	100	225	159	225	159	225	159
Gregg	281	67	281	67	280	68	282	65	278	67	267	78	280	67	280	67	279	67
Haines	195	103	197	104	195	96	197	103	197	101	196	105	197	104	197	103	196	104
Halfmoon	44	82	43	83	44	83	39	88	42	86	42	86	43	85	43	85	43	85
Harris	174	245	176	242	179	238	175	242	172	247	172	247	177	242	176	243	177	242
Howard	66	106	66	107	69	104	66	107	65	108	65	108	67	106	66	107	66	107
Huston	53	119	52	121	49	119	76	96	52	121	48	125	49	118	52	120	50	118
Liberty	59	137	61	138	62	137	62	138	61	138	60	139	61	138	61	138	61	138
Marion	89	44	90	47	90	47	91	44	89	48	88	48	89	49	91	46	90	47
Miles	251	58	248	59	254	53	248	59	248	59	237	65	249	58	248	59	249	58
Patton	54	100	54	100	54	99	53	100	53	100	53	101	54	100	54	100	54	100
Penn	262	36	259	37	245	43	257	36	257	37	247	47	258	37	258	37	256	37
Potter	378	135	378	135	380	131	380	134	376	135	368	145	378	135	378	135	377	136
Rush	139	126	141	131	143	128	141	126	141	130	141	130	141	130	141	130	141	130
Snow Shoe	102	100	106	98	107	97	106	98	105	98	92	112	124	80	106	98	105	98
Spring	145	195	142	196	145	193	138	199	117	215	116	219	143	192	142	195	137	195
Taylor	40	48	39	50	39	50	37	50	39	50	39	50	39	50	39	50	39	50
Union	65	113	65	113	65	113	65	112	64	113	66	112	65	113	65	113	65	113
Walker	193	118	188	117	188	116	188	117	187	117	198	104	188	117	198	108	186	116
Worth	57	75	57	75	58	76	72	62	57	76	57	77	57	77	57	77	57	77
Total	3712	3292	3713	3318	3744	3298	3727	3269	3658	3347	3556	3452	3731	3287	3725	3300	3694	3318
Majorities	420		395		506		458		311		104		444		422		376	

SPECIAL COURT.—The Special Court, says the Republican, called to convene on Monday last for the trial of the case of the Commonwealth vs. *Hickey* indicted for murder, was a sort of a faux pas, as the power of the court to adjourn a court of Oyer and Terminer is of doubtful authority. So the jurors were all discharged on Monday and the above named lies over until the regular November Term. Several cases were argued, and petitions and motions heard. The argument of the motion for a new trial in the case of the commonwealth vs. J. A. Lukens convicted of murder in the Second degree at the last term, was postponed until Nov. 9th next, because of the absence of Hon. Wallace one of the Commonwealths counsel in the trial of the case.

The court adjourned on Tuesday afternoon until Saturday the 9th of November next.

—A ram, belonging to Mr. Young, made an attack upon the wife of Mr. J. C. Wagner, of the Loop, on Saturday last. The animal knocked her down, and by his butting caused a dislocation of Mrs. Wagner's shoulder. She has been confined to bed, from the injuries received.

From Salt River.

SALT RIVER TERRITORY, Oct., 18.—Editor Reporter—Dear Sir: Before leaving Centre Hall for our trip up Salt river, I promised my friends, that in case we arrived at our destination, I would write a letter to your paper giving a description of our trip, and things in general as they occured along the route; and as we were highly favored with good weather, our trip was not only a pleasant one but was made in an almost incredibly short time. This, however, was due to the fact that we had taken passage on those splendid Greeley steamers which are so noted for fast time. The one occupied by the Centre Hall crowd, was named The Liberal. We left the Hall on the morning of the 14th and joyfully wended our way towards Bellefonte, arriving there early in the forenoon of the same day. Our trip, so far had been one of uninterrupted joy, until we got into town and were going down Spring street, when Bill Brown of the Republican, who was still drunk from the election mistaking our rig for the one used in hauling away the defunct carcass of the Centre county Radical party, jumped in and took a seat right aside of Jack Spangler. Now Jack is not to say, blessed with an angel like spirit, and not being used to such company, kicked up a fuss and went for Bill lively, and succeeded in ousting him. The last seen of Brown he was going around a corner at a two forty rate, vigorously scratching that portion of his person that people usually sit on. From this on till we reached the State of Indiana, we were more or less harassed by sneaking radicals, who would peer out from some thicket and yell Hartranft at us. After this we moved on without interruption and arrived at our haven of rest in excellent spirits, but minus the six barrels of soft water taken along for lubricating purposes. Things look kinder natural, and we all like it first rate; think we will stay about three years if not sooner discharged.

E. S. G.

Centre County Agricultural Society—Premiums Awarded 1872.

The following are the premiums awarded at the late County Fair by the Committees appointed for that purpose:

CLASS 1.—Horses for General Purposes—Committee, William Irwin, John W Ziegler, Michael Grove and James Runkle.

Best horse of any age to John Rishel $6,00
Best mare of any age to Jos. Marshall 5,00
Best horse colt 3 to 4 years, Jos Alexander 3,00
Best mare colt between 3 and 4 years J Marshall 2,00
Best horse colt between 2 and 3 years J R Noll 2,00
Best mare colt between 2 and 3 years J M Furey 2,00
Best horse colt between 1 and 2 years Dr. Wm Grove 2,00
Best mare colt between 1 and 2 years Hunter Neale 2,00
Best sucking colt, John Rishel 2,00
Best pair of carriage horses, George Young 5,00
Best single harness horse Michl Runkle 3,00
Best saddle horse, J Shirk 3,00
Best team of four horses, Jos. Alexander 5,00
Best team of two horses, Jos Alexander 2,00

CLASS 2.—Stallions, Heavy Draft.—Committee.—Dr. J D McCoy, John Harris and Benj. Shaffer.

Best Stallion two years old and 3 years J M Kaner $3,00
Best Stallion heavy draft, 7 years John Shaffer 5,00
Best Stallion heavy draft, 7 years, Morris Furey 5,00
For fine brown stallion, Isaac Lose 5,00

CLASS 4.—Cattle Grade—Committee—John Cole, Geo Valentine.

Best bull over 3 years old, Morris Furey $5,00
Best bull between 2 and 3 years, H F McAllister 4,00
Best bull between 1 and 2 years, Jno M Furey 2,00
Best milch cow over 3 years, Jno M Furey 5,00
Second best milch cow over 3 years, H F M'Allister 2,00
Best heifer between 2 & 3 years, Jos Zimmerman 2,00
Best heifer between 1 & 2 years, Thos Pennington 2,00
Best heifer calf, J M Furey 1,00

CLASS 5.—Cattle Thoroughbred.—Committee—Benj. Ligget, John Rishel, Henry Heck.

Best full blooded short horned Durhams bull over 2 years old, Agricultural College 10,00
Best imported Alderny Bull, Agricultural College 10,00
Best Holstein Bull between 1 & 2 years old Agricultural College 3,00
Best Devon Bull between 1 & 2 years, Eli Baney 3,00
Best Alderney heifer between 1 and 2 years old, A. Valentine 5,00
Best durham calf, 9 months old, A S Valentine 1,00
Best Durham Bull, 9 months old, Michael Shaak 5,00
Best Alderny cow over 2 years old Adam Hoy 10,00
Best Alderny bull under 2 years, Joe H Orvis 3,00
Best Durham & English Bull, Sam'l Y Lucas 5,00
Best Durham Heifer, 18 months old, Thomas Pennington 2,00

CLASS 6.—Sheep & Swine.—Committee—Joseph Baker, George Dale and Michael Hess.

Best pen of sheep, J T Carner 11,00
Second best pen of sheep, J W Dale 5,00
Best Buck, John M Furey 3,00
Best Ewe, J T Carner 4,00
Best pen of hogs, J M Wood & Co 10,00
Best Poland China Boar, Nelson Askey 5,00
Best Sow, Nelson Askey 5,00
Best Poland China Boar under 1 year to H Orvis 3,00
Best Chester White Sow under 1 year to J W Zeigler 2,00
Best Poland China Sow 15 months old and four pigs 9 weeks old (special) John Rishel 2,00

CLASS 7.—Poultry.—Committee—Adam Hoy, Samuel F Foster and A G Curtin, Jr.

For coop best light brams chickens, Wm Petty 2,00
For coop best Rahkam chickens, Adam Herkheimer 2,00
For coop best Poland chickens Theodore Heckner 2,00
For coop best White Leghorns Theodore Deahner 3,00
For coop of best Partridge Cochins, Sheridan & Co 3,00
For coop best common chickens, John Rishel 2,00
For best collection of different and largest number of varieties 5,00
For best pair of white turkeys, Daniel Kornman 2,00
For best pair bronze turkeys, Daniel Kornman 2,00
For best pair of ducks, John Rishel 2,00

CLASS 8.—Agricultural Implements.—Committee—James Read, Joseph Corson, Peter S. Bierley.

best subsoil plow for rockey ground, H. N. McAllister, diploma; best subsoil plow for ordinary, H N McAllister, diploma; best Michigan plow, (good,) H N McAllister, diploma; for shifting mould board plow for plowing points and triangles, made to order by Hall & Spear, Pittsburg, Pa.; for revolving harrow, (good,) H. N McAllister; for roller harrow, (good,) H N McAllister, diploma; revolving mould board plow, good in deep smooth land, H N McAllister, Diploma; for straw. berry plow, (good,) H N McAllister, diploma; for straight mould board plow, by Hall & Spear, H N McAllister, diploma; for Walter A Wood's Patent harvesting machine and mower combined, E H Carr, diploma; for Wood's Iron mower, E H Carr diploma; for Mower & Reaper combined, H E Valentine, diploma; for bar shear plow, H P Caldwalladee, diploma; for Champion Reaper, John Musser, diploma; for Valley Chief Reaper & Mower combined, John Delong, diploma; for Straw Cutter, T M Mitchell, diploma; for Excelsior Reaper & Mower, John M Keller, diploma; for Walla Plow, Leitzel & Smith, diploma; for Hand Fertilizer, H. A. Barnett, diploma.

CLASS 9.—Crops.—*Committee*—Gen George Buchanan, Jos Baker, J J Leech.

Best ½ bushel white wheat, A S Tipton, 3,00
Second best ½ bushel white wheat, Sam'l Crawford 1,00
Best ½ bushel red wheat H N M'Allister 3,00
Second best ½ bushel red wheat, H N M'Allister 1,00
Best ½ bushel white corn in ears Isaac Tressler 2,00
Best ½ bushel yellow corn in ears, A D
Best ½ bushel Rye, A S Tipton 2,00
Best ½ bushel Oats, H N McAllister 2,00
Best ½ bushel Barley, J J Arney 2,00
Best peck Clover seed, John Adress 2,00
Best peck of timothy seed, Isaac Tressler 2,00
Best specimen of Buckwheat, A S Tipton 1,00

CLASS 10.—Flour and Meal—*Committee*—Amanuel Ruey, John W Zigler and Enos Ertley.

Best Wheat Flour Jas P Freed 5,00
Second best Wheat Flour A S Tipton 3,00
Best Rye Flour Jas P Freed 2,00
Best Buckwheat Flour Jas P Freed 2,00
Best Corn Meal, Jas Freed 2,00

CLASS 11.—Vegetables—*Committee*—Christian Dale, Hon W W Love and J K Shoemaker.

Second best ½ bushel turnips, Jos Baker ..... ,50
For one doz. Egg plants, Joseph Baker ..... ,75
For Ruta Bagas, Agricultural College 1,00
For Celery " 1,00
For 1 lot Trophy Tomatoes C W Lombert ..... ,50
For second best Peerless potatoes Joseph Marshall 1,00
For ½ bus sweet potatoes, J Shaffer, jr. 1,00
Second best Mangel Wurtzel, C Dale ..... ,50
For Sugar Beet, C Dale 1,00
For Turnips, C Dale, Jr 1,00
For Pumpkins " 1,00
For ½ doz Heads Cabbage, C Dale Jr. 1,00
For ½ bushel Red Beets, A D Swartz 1,00
For specimen of Egg Plants, Michael Kelley ..... ,50
For Carrots, Mrs. Catharine Hause 1,00

CLASS 12.—*Committee*—S L Atwood, Jno. Hoy, John Delong.

Best specimen of fall Apples J Rishel 2,00
For best and largest display of Apples Wm Eckley 5,00
Best specimen of peaches, W Eckley 1,00
Best specimen of Pears, " " 1,00
Best specimen of Grapes " " 1,00
Best specimen of Quinces J Shaffer jr 1,00
Best specimen of plums, W Eckley... 1,00
Best display of Verbenas, Prof J Y McKee 1,00
Best display of Dahlias Prof J Y McKee 1,00
Best display of Phloxes, Mrs H F Bartley 2,00
Best display of cut flowers Mrs N Hillibish 2,00
Best display of Miscellaneous do Mrs H F Bartley 3,00

CLASS 13.—Manufactured Articles.—*Committee*—J S Foster, H. F. Bartley and Alex. Shannon.

Best wagon gears, J H M'Clure 2,00
Best display of saddlery " 3,00
Best pump, Dan'l Derr 3,00
Best pair horse shoes, Jon B Cramer 50
Best bee hive, H A Bathurst 1,00
Best double harness(gold) J Schofield 2,00
Best riding saddle, J Schofield 1,00
Display of boots, Thomas Burnside 1,00
Babcock's Fire Exting do 2,00
Best Horse collar do 50
Best halter do 25
Best Knitting machine, H Levi 2,00
Best set single harness J H McClure & Son 1,00

CLASS 14.—Carriages &c—*Committee*—J S Bottorf J T Staurt and S S Wolf.

For two horse wagon with patent seat Samuel Faust 3,00
For buggy pole Sam'l Faust 1,00
For Family Carriage D W Krausmer.. 3,00

CLASS 15.—Leather, Stoves & Tinware—*Committee*—Abr Sussman Peter Wilson and J M Green

For "Merry Christmas" Cook Stove Wetzler & Twitmer 1,00
For Juniatta Heater Wetzler & Twitmyer 1,00
For Side of Oak Sole Leather J S Summerville 2,00
For Second Best sole Leather H Krumrine 2,00
For best Kip skin H Krumrine 2,00
For Best lot of calf skin H Krumrine. 2,00
For best Harness leather " 2,00
For best Anti-clinker Stove Wilson & Hicks ..... Diploma

CLASS 17.—Paintings Photographs &c—Committee—J K Miller J W Rhone and Philip S Dale.

For Oriental Painting, Nanny Seibert 1,00
For Drawing F P Hoy 75
do.....do.....do.....do 50
For Oil Painting Justus C Hoy 2,00
For Medely Picture Adam Herkheimer ..... Diploma
For Portrait Little Daisy, Lizzie F Baker 2,00
For best transferring picture Rachel Derr 1,00
For best Collection of Photographs Mary Kerlin ..... Diploma

CLASS 17 Jewelry Silver Glass Stone and Queensware—Committe—F Kurtz F Potter and J G Sankey.

For pair of flower vases Miss F Jacobs 50
For pair of Glass Cylinders Curtin Loeb & Co ..... Diploma

CLASS 18—Dry Goods & Sewing Machines —*Committee*—J M Green, J Bottorf and P W Barnhart.

For Howe Sewing Machine J E Palmer 3 00
For Wheeler & Wilson second best family Sewing Mach. GEyleet dipl.

CLASS 19—Dairy, Honey and Hams.—*Committee*—S Van Tries, J F Weaver, R H Duncan, miss B Hunter, miss N Thompson and miss M B Curtin.

Best lot of Butter, mrs. Sos. Wilson 3,00
Best Home cured ham, J Zimmerman 3,00

CLASS 20—Bread and Cake—Committee—G D Pifer, M Mease, mrs. Ann Schrock and mrs. S Barr.

For best home made wheat Bread Mrs Fred. Kurtz 3,00
Best loaf brown bread, miss A Harris 2,00
For best Rusk Mrs A Wilson 2 00
For best Biscuit Mary Dooley 2.00
For best Sponge Cake Mrs Crawford.. 2.00
For best Pound Cake Mrs G Bayard.. 2.00
For best Jelly Cake Ellen Steward..... 2.00
For best Coconut cake Mrs M Hoover 1,00
For best Pastry Miss A B Harriss..... 1,00

(concluded next week.)

LIBERAL REPUBLICANS OF INDIANA FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

The following extract from a speech of Mr. Hendricks, governor elect of Indiana, at Indianapoles on 16, we take pleasure in copying, as an evidence of the sincerity of the liberalr:

I wish to speak a word in respect to the Liberal Republicans of the State of Indiana. I am gratified to say to you, and the people of the State, that that vote was a true vote to the cause in the late election. [Applause.]

The Liberal Republicans, the men who could follow the the Republican party no longer under its leadership and management, at that election voted a true vote in favor of reform and restoration. [Applause.] And I am glad to have this opportunity to express my obligations to that element of support which I received for the office of Governor, and which the gentlemen associated with me upon the ticket also received.

I am gratified also to be able to state to you that the great body of the Democratic party in the State of Indiana came to the support of the ticket, making no objection because the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor had not formerly been a Democrat. I am glad to know that the Democratic party of Indiana stands to-day with the Liberal Republicans, a solid body, in favor of the election of Greeley and Brown. [Applause.]

The Wild Comanches.

General Sheridan's Report of the Recent Battle.

WASHINGTON, October 17.—The following has been received here:

CHICAGO, Ill., October 15—To Adjutant General of the army: Colonel Mac. Kenzie's command had a fight on the North Fork of the Red river with the Comanches, killing twenty-three of them, whose bodies were found, and capturing one hundred and twenty-one squaws and children.

"In addition to the killing of Lieutenant Crosby, Colonel Stanley reports that Lieutenant Lewis D. Adair, of the twenty second infantry, was mortally wounded on the 4th instant by an Indian, and died on the 5th. Lieutenant Adair mortally wounded the Indian who shot him, and the Indian was subsequently killed.

"Colonel Stantley's servant was also shot by Indians, who chased and came near catching General Rosser, the engineer. This all occured near Heart river crossing, forty-four miles from Fort Rice. Lieutenant Adair's body will be brought in. Stanley's command will be at Fort Rice on the 18th or 19th.

P. H. SHERIDAN.
Lieutenant General.

Democratic County Committee.

Bellefonte N. W.	B Galbraith
" " S. W.	John Given
" " W. W. S. A.	McQuistion
Milesburg Borough	Jas F Weaver
Howard "	Balser Weber
Philipsburg "	William Riddles
Unionville "	B F Leathers
Benner Township	Samuel Ishler
Boggs "	Jas L Neff
Furguson "	John B Mitchell
Gregg "	John Grove
Haines "	William H Mingle
Harris "	James Gilliland
Marion "	Robt F Holmes
Miles "	Harvey Corman
Penn "	Wm K Alexander
Potter "	Jas M Clintcik
Rush "	Geo McGaffey
Snow Shoe "	B F Hinton
Spring "	Emanuel D Noll
Walker "	A C Geary

CENTRE CO. ELECTION.

October 11th, 1870. (Official.)

	1869. Governor. Packer.	Governor. Geary.
Bellefonte	308	220
" W W	000	000
" S W	000	000
" N W	000	000
Milesburg bor	47	82
Unionville bor	21	39
Howard bor	30	40
Philipsb'g bor	127	145
Boggs twp.	123	202
Benner	175	95
Burnside	28	47
Curtin	39	23
Ferguson	200	170
Gregg	269	65
Haines	200	108
Halfmoon	40	84
Harris	181	229
Howard	57	84
Huston	89	119
Liberty	68	122
Marion	66	56
Miles	228	49
Patton	59	68
Penn	240	40
Potter	317	131
Rush	123	90
Snow Shoe	124	104
Spring	126	183
Taylor	41	57
Union	49	100
Walker	171	125
Worth	68	70
Total	3464	3102
Majority	362	

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS:

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tamoise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices. At the old stand of

WM. WOLF.

OUR CLOTHING STORE.

I have just been to the city, and laid in a full stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

and in addition to that a large stock of HATS and CAPS

of the latest styles; also, BOOTS and SHOES, both Kip and calf; also GAITERS, for ladies, of three or four different styles.

TOBACCO and CIGARS, of the best assortment.

JEWELRY and NOTIONS

I solicit a liberal patronage from the kind people of Pennsvalley, as heretofore. Our motto is, SELL CHEAP.

JACOB KRISE
Milroy, Pa.
oct 25.6t

W. J. McManigal,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.

Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,

I have just received a large stock of

FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT. AWL HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.

Call early and examine

Oct 11 3m WM. J. M'MANIGAL.

BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.

July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

tf.1june R. F. RANKIN & CO.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR NOVEMBER, 1872.—The November number is presented to the public as one of especial interest to all classes. We have here fashions for those who desire them: literature of a character calculated to adorn the mind and make home a paradise, with instructions in everything that make up the pleasures of a happy fireside. The beautiful steel and wood engravings are something to look upon.

Subscribers to Godey, for 1872, will receive a handsome chromo.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th inst., at the Lutheran parsonage, in Aaronsburg, by Rev. P. Sahm, Mr. Alfred Kreamer of Millheim, to Miss Jestie Keen, of Penn Township.

On the 12th inst., by the same, at Aaronsburg, John H. Stover to Miss C. Albright, both of Millheim.

DEATHS

On 3d inst., at the residence of his mother, in Bellefonte, Capt. Chas. H. Hale, aged 35 years.

Public Sale.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Mifflin county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1872,

A Valuable Farm,

Situate in Potter township, Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Wagner, John Love and others, containing

160 Acres

and 58 perches and allowance, mostly cleared and under cultivation, on which are erected a good two-story FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, CIDER PRESS and other improvements. There are two orchards on the premises, one a young one of choice fruit, and water is piped to both house and barn. Also, a

TRACT OF WOODLAND,

situate in said Potter township, adjoining lands of John Frye, W W Love and others, containing 10 acres.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money on confirmation of sale; one third in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest, and to be secured by bonds and mortgage on the premises.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., of said day.

H. L. CLOSE,
Adm'r of Wm Nale, late of Armagh twp.
sep2X Mifflin co., dec'd.

NOTICE.—Estate of J. D. Rankin.

All persons indebted to the estate of J. D Rankin, late of Boalsburg, dec'd, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
Boalsburg, Sept 27 Administrator.

W. A. CURRY,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.

Oct 11. 3m.

School Tax.

To all whom it may concern: The duplicate of school Tax for Potter school district for the 1872, has been placed in the hands of Fred Kurtz, Treasurer of the School Board, in accordance with the Act of Assembly of 1869, for collection.

All persons paying said tax on or before the 15th of November, will be allowed a deduction of five per cent; from the 15th of November to 14th of Dec. no deduction and after that date 5 per cent will be added. By order of the Board.

FRED KURTZ,
Sept. 20. Treasurer.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf

The New Name.

What shall I call her when we meet?
She knew no other name on earth
Than that which mother finds so sweet,
Though words be cold and little worth;
"Our baby" seemed a name complete.

But now, so many years have flown
Since from my tearful gaze she passed,
How shall I, in the great unknown,
Amazed where all is strange and vast,
How shall I there reclaim my own?

What sweet rare title does she bear?
For when I meet her on that shore,
Grown wise and great as she is fair,
"My baby," I can say no more,
I shall be the infant there.

Farm, Garden and Household.

PIE CRUST CAKES.—Put quarter of a pound of fresh, sweet-leaf lard and quarter of a pound of butter into three pounds of flour, and rub them in well with the hands. Make into a stiff dough with iced water, roll it out into thin cakes, and bake them on floured tins in a quick oven.

CELERY.—Celery that is not sufficiently blanched when cool nights come on, and there is danger of frosts, should be banked; up to the topmost point of the leaves; then cover with straw or boards. When the ground begins to freeze, dig up, and place all in a narrow trench, in some dry and convenient place, where it can be protected from frost and still be gotten when wanted for use. Pure sand is better than soil to pack in among the roots and stems for winter preservation.

SLAP JACKS.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of bi-carbonate of soda in a little warm water, and stir it into a quart of sour milk; add three well beaten eggs and flour enough to make a very thin batter. Beat it till light; grease a spider and set it over the fire. Put on batter enough to make a round, thin cake, turn it when half done, and bake brown and light. Pile the slap jacks on hot plates, with butter, sugar, and spice on each one. Cut the pile down in quarters, and serve very hot.

BAKED BEANS—NORWICH.—Take small white beans, put to soak at 6 P. M., in a deep vessel; change the water late in the evening, and again next morning, and parboil for two hours, changing the water at the end of the second hour. Then pour off nearly all the water; take raw pork scoured on top; put the beans in a deep dish, the pork in the middle, sinking it so as to have it just level with the surface. Add a very little molasses, and bake at least six hours, raising the pork toward the last so that it may crisp on top.

TO MAKE WHISKEY PICKLES.—In these degenerate days we often get hold of whiskey that will eat up cucumbers speedily. Better leave such liquor for the human stomachs which crave it and buy alcohol pure. It is just as cheap, for it can be reduced with water according to its strength. I have used a gallon of alcohol to five or six of soft water. Pick your cucumbers, wash them carefully, so as not to bruise them, and put them in as fast as they are collected. Stir them up from the bottom every day, and stir in the scum that rises as they work. This process soon makes good pickles and sharp vinegar. The sun or fire hastens the process. The pickles are nicer if small.—*Ohio Farmer.*

UNFAILING SPONGE-CAKE.—Weigh one pound of fresh eggs in the shell, an equal weight of pulverized white sugar, half a pound of fine flour. Break the eggs and beat separately the yolks and whites. We always, when practicable, have one person to beat the yolks steadily the same length of time it takes another person to beat the whites until they stand up perfectly stiff and dry. Add the sifted sugar gradually to the yolks, then mix in the whites. Lastly, cream gently in the flour, and be sure not to beat at all afterward, or you will certainly spoil the cake. Grate in the peel of one lemon, and add also its strained juice; more if the fruit is indifferent. Lemon is incomparably to be preferred as the seasoning for sponge-cake, but if they are not to be obtained, substitute mace.

IMPORTANT FACT IN GRAPE CULTURE.—We would mention a fact which has come within our observation and experience, which if generally true, is of some importance. It is this:—That the fruit bud from the base of the past year's cane throws out larger and better developed grapes than either the third or second. The grapes from these buds seem also better flavored, and generally superior to those on the first or second. In accordance with this hint, we have adopted the plan of cutting the cane at such lengths as to leave the third bud, generally, and sometimes the fourth, when a good strong one, and then rubbing off the first and second buds, and leaving the third and fourth for fruit. The number of fruit buds left on the vine must depend on the age and strength of the vine. If the vines are strong and vigorous at three years, from two to three bunches of grapes may be allowed to mature on each branch without injury.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

HOURS FOR FARM LABOR.—A paper on this subject was read at a meeting for discussion of the Bucks County (Penn.) Agricultural Society, by W. C. Blackfan. He thought ten hours a day a fair allotment for farm hands, but with the contingencies of weather this could not always be exactly arranged, and it is more in his opinion than is accomplished on the average. He offered the following suggestion, which is worthy of attention by others: "I do not see how this matter of farmers working on time is ever to be brought about. We must make and prepare our crops while the sun shines, and arrange our work for dull days within our buildings; and if your hands work over time, give them a leisure day or half a day occasionally, and let them know what it is for. They will generally appreciate it, and you will gain more than you will lose. It will make them feel a far greater interest in their work, which will be to your advantage. This has been my arrangement with my hands and I have never heard them say anything about working on time."

FATTENING HOGS.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* gives his experience as follows: "I was just beginning to farm, and I was desirous of knowing the best way of fattening hogs, I determined to try the different plans, and also how much pork a barrel of corn will make. I made a floored pen and covered it in. Weighed three hogs and put them in the pen. I also weighed three of the same size and put them in a dry lot—average weight, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I fed six barrels of corn to the six hogs. They were forty days eating the corn, with plenty of salt and water. Their average gain was seventy-five pounds. The hogs in the lot gained the most. One that was fattened in the lot gained eighty-eight pounds. One in the pen eighty-four pounds; the other four were not so thrifty. These hogs were about fourteen months old when slaughtered. I put them up the 25th of October. There was a good deal of sleet and snow during the month of November, which gave the logs in the pen an advantage they would not have had if the weather was favorable; they ate the same quantity of grain in the same time. It also showed that one bushel of corn will make fifteen pounds of pork."

FOR BEGINNERS WITH BEES.—A writer offers this trio of suggestions: Do not go headlong into this or any other branch of rural industry. Be content with small beginnings, and take time to gather experience. Commence with one stock of bees and before you buy even one, get some recent treatise on bee keeping and post yourself, at least in regard to the outlines of apiarian science. Begin with a movable frame hive of some sort. Bees have been kept advantageously, and may be still, in straw or common box hives; but to attain the best results, a movable frame hive is necessary. This kind of hive admits of access to the bees, control over them, and from one season's observation in such a hive more may be learned about bees than by keeping them 20 years in a straw or box hive. A single stock in such a hive will cost about ten dollars inclusive of patent right and surely this is not an investment to begin with, that need frighten anybody. Do not expect sudden and large profits, nor be discouraged by reverses. There is no speculation in bee-keeping, any more than in any other branch of rural economy. Here, as elsewhere, diligence, care, energy and perseverance are essential to success.

DELICIOUS BLACK FRUIT CAKE.—Two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of almonds, one pound of citron, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, one dozen eggs, one tea-spoonful of mace, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, one wine-glassful of brandy and one of wine. Cut up the fruit, but not too fine. Roll it in flour to separate it. Then beat it into the eggs after they are beaten perfectly light, also the butter and sugar after they are creamed together. Let the rest of the flour be lightly stirred in just before putting the cake in the oven. Put embers under it, and let it rise for three hours. Bake slowly for three hours, or until, by trying with a straw, you find it quite done. Then draw the oven away from the fire, and let the cake soak at least two hours, or, if it is very large, leave it in the chimney-corner all night. Do not cut the almonds more than three times at most, and reserve a portion of the citron to be sliced and stuck in the cake after it is put in the mould ready for baking. In sticking it in, let the pieces go down in the dough out of sight, or they will be thrown out in the rising of the cake. The above minute directions, as will be observed, are peculiarly adapted to cooking by an open fire-place; yet the receipt has been so well tested by fine managers that I thought it best not to alter it, but allow each person to accommodate it to the working of their own cooking apparatus, as may easily be done by any one possessing a moderate degree of experience in the art of cake-baking.

How He Acquired Riches.

The Washington correspondent of the *Jewish Messenger* reports the following story told him by the late President Lincoln, which we do not remember before to have seen in print:

"When I first entered upon my duties as President," said Mr. Lincoln, grasping our arm in his peculiar way, with one of his long, bony hands, while he ran his fingers through and brushed back his shaggy black hair, "I fully made up my mind to appoint to office those only whom I knew to be honest and who had suitable ability. In any event honesty should be the prerequisite, as the lack of a little ability might be easily made up by an honest man endeavoring to do his whole duty conscientiously. While this resolve was fresh upon me there came to visit me a very old friend, a Baptist minister, who had traveled so fast that he had not yet shaken the Illinois real estate off his capacious boots.

"'Why, what brings you here, Mr. Shofle?' (which was not his name, but it will do just as well.)

"'Well, he replied,' 'I came down here firstly to see you and get an old-fashioned shake of the hand, and secondly to say that the folks of my congregation are so poor that they can hardly afford me a decent living, and I thought maybe you could give me some sort of an office that would pay me better.'

"'Certainly,' I answered, quickly, for I knew he was an honest man, and I was looking for stock of that kind. 'Have you in view any particular office?'

"'No,' said the Rev. Mr. Shofle, complacently; I would not know what to select if you were to hand me a list to choose from.'

"'Nor I what to give you; but I will tell you who will help you out. You know Colonel Chootsper, of your county. He is now on duty in the Treasury Department. Go and see him; he is a man of resources, and will get you out of your difficulty. Come back to-morrow and report.'

"The next day, according to promise, Shofle 'put in an appearance,' and said that the Colonel had recommended him to apply for a certain position in the Revenue Department.

"'What is the salary?' said I, while signing in a mechanical way a pile of commissions.

"'Two thousand dollars a year.'

"'Well, do you think that enough? I may be able to do better for you,' for I knew he was an honest man, and thought he might just as well as not get a place where he could earn more money.

"'Oh, plenty, Uncle Abe, for that is more than double the amount I've been earning for years past.'

"'Now I began to think," said our Martyr President, "that I would have to force him into a place paying a larger salary, and where the government would have a corresponding return for his valuable services, for I was more than ever—it that were possible—convinced that he was an honest man; but I finally concluded to give him his own way, and he was appointed accordingly. Off he went rejoicing, but I felt rather mean at my one-horse gift to my good, honest, reverend friend.

"Three years elapsed, and the anxieties attending the war had completely driven from my mind, for the time being, the incident just related, when my messenger brought me a card bearing the familiar name, 'Rev. Adam Shofle,' and immediately there flashed across my mind all the circumstances attending my appointing him to office. I directed him to be shown in, and in walked, with creaky boots, one of the best and finest dressed men I had seen in many a day. I recognized his countenance at a glance, but it was the marvelous clothes that troubled me. They sat easily enough upon his body, but somehow or other they did not set so easy upon my mind, but wherefore I could not for the life of me tell, if I had tried, which I didn't.

"'Good morning, Mr. President'—no longer 'Uncle Abe,' as before—said he, in a sort of grandiloquent manner; 'I hope you are well and getting on nicely.'

"'Oh, yes,' said I; we poor folks eke out a living after a fashion; intending to give him the bit in his mouth, for I knew what an honest man he was, and how much—I couldn't tell then exactly how much, for I had lost the run of him—we were indebted to him.

"'Mr. President, I've come to resign my office.'

"Feeling somewhat as though I had been struck by lightning, I managed to exclaim, 'Indeed!'

"'Yes, I feel that there are many others deserving of the place, and that it is my duty to make way for them.'

"'Was there ever such an honest man as that?' said I to myself, chuckling over my own stupidity on the clothes surprise. 'But,' said I, aloud, 'I'm afraid you are not considering yourself, friend Shofle, and that when you go back to preaching you will be as hard up as when you came here three years ago. Hadn't you better hold on a little longer, say a year more, and let us both go out of office together?'

"'No, thank you. I'm going to Europe during that time, but hope to see you here, as President, when I return,' and, after a few more kind expressions, off went the Rev. Shofle.

"About a month after, one of the reverend gentleman's neighbors paid me a visit, and among other things remarked casually that I had 'done a pretty good thing for Shofle.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I gave him a $2,000 a year position for three years.'

"'Besides the balance!' added my visitor. 'Why, if he is worth a cent he is worth to-day $200,000, and I can prove it if necessary.'

"'What could the idiot mean? To satisfy myself of the falsity of the charge I sent detectives to where he lived, and they brought back word that he had made his $6,000 salary in the aggregate yield fully $200,000—but then I knew he was an honest man, and there must be a mistake somewhere!"

"By the way," added Mr. Lincoln, with one of his knowing winks; "we have plenty of 'Shofles' left, but, the mischief of it is, it is hard finding them out, and they are not considerate enough to resign, as did our honest friend Shofle."

Eighteen thousand Communists are still in prison in France, in spite of the large number of cases already disposed of. Of the number still remaining, 10,000 will probably be soon discharged without further proceedings, only those accused of assassination, robbery, or arson being held for trial.

Considerable emigration is now going on from the Bahama islands to Florida.

Felling Forests by Electricity.

Among the recent discoveries of science is a process for cutting wood by passing a galvanic current over a platina wire, in sufficient quantity to raise its temperature to a red heat. The inventor or discoverer, Geo. Robinson, found that by gently pushing a piece of wood against a red hot platina wire, especially when aided by a slight sawing movement, the wood was divided in any required direction as by a hand-saw, and of course without any effort of skill or appreciable expenditure of muscular power. The *Scientific American* says: "By arranging the wire with handles or other means, so as to guide it readily, the lumber, whether in trees, logs or planks, may be cut easily as desired." The Kern County *Courier* says: "If the mammoth trees that grow on the upper waters of the Kern River could be utilized, the inconvenience of an inadequate supply of lumber would never be felt in this valley. These trees, hundreds of which may often be found crowded together in sheltered valleys along the stream, will average not far from thirty feet in diameter, and, of course, with our present appliances for the present purposes, are difficult and expensive to fell. If the *Scientific American's* statement is true, electricity may be employed to fell trees, divide them into logs, and, in short, to perform all the operations of the saw and ax. The surface of the wood, where thus divided is, of course, slightly charred, but the black layer is thin, and for many purposes not disadvantageous, as it is known to preserve timber. The battery employed need only be of the simplest character, as quantity, and not intensity, of current is required."

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never sendest thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeves and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, ask questions or knock down type, or the boys will love you like they do shade trees—when thou leaveth.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold it is his business at the appointed time to give it to thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be laying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

A STRANGE STORY.—From Hon. Dominic O'Malley of Westport, we learn the following particulars of a most singular case of mental derangement that has come under our notice: Miss Margaret Kelley, a girl about sixteen years old, who lives with her parents, in the town of Dane, in this country, suddenly lost her reason on the evening of the 30th of July last. She was well and hearty as usual up to the hour of her derangement, when her strange conduct betrayed her unfortunate condition. Her mental disorder manifested itself in a most peculiar manner, as accompanying her loss of reason, was the entire loss of all knowledge of the English language, which is her native tongue. At the same time she lost the use of the English language, she acquired complete command of the German language, and spoke it very fluently. The unfortunate girl has lately recovered her reason but is still unable to speak or understand English, but speaks and converses intelligently and accurately in the German language. Neither the parents nor anyone of the family can understand her nor she them except through an interpreter. What is most singular, the girl never studied German, never learned to speak it, never lived where it was spoken and could have derived no knowledge of the language in the ordinary manner. The facts as stated above are vouched for as correct and are attracting considerable attention in the community where the girl lives. Several physicians have visited her and admit that her case baffles their skill. It has been suggested that a number of our Madison doctors visit the patient and endeavor to give some solution of this most mysterious mental phenomenon.—*Wisconsin Paper.*

THE FIRST START OF TOBACCO.—Riding through Southside, Virginia, any warm, bright winter's day after Christmas, the stranger may be startled to see a dense column of smoke rising from the forest beyond. He anxiously inquires of the first person he meets, if the woods are on fire. He is told that they are just burning the plant patch. For this is the first step in tobacco-culture. A sunny, sheltered spot on the southern slope of a hill is selected, one protected from northern winds by the surrounding forest, but open to the sun in front, and here the hot-bed for the reception of the seed is prepared. All growth is felled within the area needed, huge dead logs are dragged and heaped on the ground as for a holocaust, the whole ignited, and the fire kept up until nothing is left of the immense wood heap but circles of the smouldering ashes. These are afterward carefully plowed in; the soil, fertilized still further, if need be, is harrowed and prepared as though for a garden-bed, and the small brown seed sown, from which is to spring the most widely used of man's useless luxuries. Later, when the spring fairly opens, and the young plants in this primitive hot-bed are large and strong enough to bear transplanting, the Virginian draws them, as the New Englander does his cabbages, and plants them in like manner, in hills from three to four feet apart each way.

THE RHYMING GAME.—One person thinks of a word, and gives a word that will rhyme with it. The players, while endeavoring to guess the word, think of those that will rhyme with the one given, and instead of speaking, define them. Then the first person must be quick in guessing what is meant by the description, and answers whether it is right or not, giving the definition to the question. Here is an example: "I have a word that rhymes with bun." "Is it what many people call sport or merriment?" "No, it is not fun." "Is it a troublesome creditor?" "No, it is not a dun." "Is it a kind of fire arm?" "No, it is not a gun." "Is it a religious woman who lives in retirement?" "No, it is not a nun." "Is it the act of moving very swiftly, or what one does when in great haste?" "No, it is not to run." "Is it a quibble or play upon words?" "No, it is not a pun." "Is it a word that we often use to denote that a thing is finished?" "No, it is not done." "Is it a weight?" "No, it is not a ton." "Well, is it that luminary that shines by day, and brightens everything it shines upon?" "Yes, it is the sun."

THE PROGRESS OF EVIL.—There is so much more inebriation in Paris than formerly, that strenuous measures are demanded to diminish it. It was observed in workshops, where alcohol is used in making colors, that the violet alcohol disappeared, and dead rats were put into the reservoirs to disgust the men, but even this was not effective. In the hospitals they have caught the sick drinking camphorated spirits. In 1536 an edict was made that the "crimes" of drunkenness, blaspheming and homicide should be punished; for first offense, bread and water; second, prison and a whipping; third, public whipping, and fourth, amputation of an ear and banishment. We fear, should this be inflicted in America, we would be in danger of becoming a one-eared race.

Happy the man to whom heaven has given a morsel of bread without laying him under obligation of thanking any one for than heaven itself.

French Conscription.

For the last fortnight young France has been pulling the tickets out of the conscription boxes, and wry faces along with them. During a fortnight more, the man lotteries will be continued in the provinces; and then the republic will stand provided with the last army to be levied under the system of 1832. The conscription formalities are entertaining to witness for those who take no part in them; but they are never gay, even in Paris. It is all very well to deck one's head dress with tri-colored streamers, to pin the unlucky ticket one has drawn jauntily to the crown of it, to trudge twelve of a row with brother conscripts, all bawling the "Chant du Depart," and to be generally merry for two days and a night. But this does not constitute gladness of heart. If one could follow to his garret the Parisian *ex-gamin* who is just turned twenty, and whose ticket entitles him to be shot at for his country's sake during the next seven years, at the rate of a sou a day, one might see a curious picture of animal grief, not much tempered by patriotism. Paris is all to this pale faced, pert tongued hero; and the memories of it must come back to him very fresh and alluring as he sits rubbing the knuckles of his thin hands into those habitually shrewd and mocking eyes of his. At five he was cast loose into the streets, merry in rags, deft at clearing puddles, defter still at making grimaces when coachmen shouted at him to get out of the way. Older *gamins* taught him to charcoal his name and those of public men, on newly painted walls, to wait for scraps outside barrack gates at four P. M., when soup and beef are eaten, to dip his fingers into those tubs of stewed prunes and brown sugar which stand outside grocers' doors. By and by he learned to fill up his days for himself. In the morning he tramped abreast of the regimental bands leading battalions to target practice at Vincennes, to manœuvres at Longchamps, or to parade at the Tuileries. In the afternoon he picked up cigar ends on the boulevards, sat fishing ineffectually but blithely for gudgeon, with a string and a crooked pin, under the bridges of the Cite, or hung about newspaper offices, where, if there were a special edition coming out, he would be entrusted with a few copies on depositing some portion of his raiment (generally his shoe) as a guarantee for the receipts. The evening found him flattening his nose against restaurant windows, opening the doors of carriages outside theatres, begging for counter marks, which he resold if he could, or mounting guard at stage entrances, and coaxing silver money out of actresses who happened to be in good humor from being applauded. That reck-a-day life of his was a perpetual holiday, and yet a perpetual lesson; for who so versed as this *gamin* in the unpublished facts of contemporary history? If any man of importance were married, buried or beheaded; if there were a big trial, a fire, a state pageant, a revolution—there was he to the front, peering and seeing as much of the sight as could be witnessed gratis. Then he gamboled home; and it was his glib tongue that retailed those picturesque accounts of the occurrence which, borne from ear to ear on the lips of an imaginative people, become accepted as his "popular version"—that stumbling block of perplexity to the truthful historian. Yes, indeed; it was a joyous life; and every day of it must loom under the touch of memory like a pearl on a chaplet; and yet now they are going to take the poor *gamin*, sheath his meagre legs in red trousers, and teach him the art of surpressing his neighbor. He whose will was as free as the sparrow's or the gadfly's, he who dethroned Cæsar, and maybe helped to set his country's capital on fire, will be fettered by regulations, the military code, and the gear of the guard room. They will pipeclay him, crop him, drill him. They will hint to him that he had best walk upright as a ramrod, salute his superiors, behave himself in the streets, and throw less levity into his relations with the other sex. No wonder he swivels and sobs. No wonder that when his *bonne amie* comes in from her work, she finds him looking limp as a washed out rag. She asks what's up; and he points mutely to the paper number on his cap. Then she, too, sits down and sobs, not without a few sub thoughts as to whether she had not better take up with young Jules, the wheelwright, who drew an exemption number last year.

Your bumpkin conscript is not a less afflicted Frenchman than his brother of Paris; but his grief assumes a more public form. He has no sooner realized the fact that he is to serve his country than he bleats like a sheep, and fills the whole *mairie* of his native village with his unmanly wailings. His woman relatives, and the girl of his choice, who are waiting outside, take up the dirge, and so does his thoughtful father, who reflects that he must now hire a boy at twelve pounds a year to do some of the work which this son of his performed. It is an affecting family scene; and round and about are other howling groups. The yellow belted *gendarmes* outside the *mairie* doors shrug their shoulders impatiently, and cry, "Pass on, pass on!" to the string of hobbledehoys who are hurrying up every minute to draw under the escort of their respective mayors (the conscription being done at the chief towns of cantons, not in each commune); and pass on they do treading on one anothers hobnailed heels. At one end of the municipal room is a table, and, seated behind it, the perfect, the general of the military division, the recruiting captain and a secretary. Before them stands the instrument of misery—a mahogany cylinder hung on pivots between two uprights; and with rustic as his name is called, slouches up to the table, gives the box a touch so as to set it spinning, and, when the whirling has stopped, opens the lid, and dips his hand in. Some dip at once, unhesitatingly; but these are strong spirits. The majority sign themselves with the cross, mutter invocations, produce a talisman—generally a leaden image of a saint—from under their waistcoats, and reverently kiss the same. It grieves one to add that, when the dip is not successful, the leaden saint is often kicked into the roadway with every manifestation of ignominy. By twelve o'clock the conscription is usually over; and then the conscripts troop away, each band to its village. The mayors stalk ahead; the women, especially the young ones, lag behind, with their aprons to their eyes; the conscripts stagger ten or twenty of a row, as in Paris, and try to drown their cares in torrents of patriotic songs out of tune. In the evening they will fuddle themselves in the *cabarets;* and there will be some old soldier to cheer them with tales of peasants who set out for the army without a friend, and rose to be field marshals like Soult, or kings like Bernadotte. It is only on the morrow, when the liquor fumes have cleared away, and the sense of glory becomes less present than that of coming departure, and the loss of their sweethearts, who cannot be expected to wait seven years for them, that they begin to bleat again. But throw a twelvemonth on the Parisian conscript and on the raw recruit from the country, and both will be different men. The Parisian will have ripened into an easy soldier, self-satisfied and gallant; the countryman, if he came from Normandy, will be tough; from Britanny, obedient; from Burgundy, quick; from Provence, fiery. Townsmen or rustics, they will have adapted themselves to circumstances, and so learned the lesson practised by many of us who, not being soldiers, have drawn unlucky numbers in the conscription of life, and yet tried to put a smiling face on the matter.

The attempt of California to acclimatize the Cashmere goat promises success, the animal attaining a larger size and yielding a finer fleece than in its native India. There are estimated to be 10,000 Cashmeres in the State, and the fleece, according to the grade, is worth from 25 cents up to $1.25 per pound.

The United States stamp duty upon all documents except bank checks, drafts, or orders has expired, in accordance with the recent act of Congress. Hereafter no stamps will be required on any legal documents whatever, no paper being subject to stamp duty except bank checks, drafts or orders.

The Lightning Rod Man.

He called in all his radiant beauty and inimitable cheek. Unfortunately we were in a healthy condition, and he was not denied admittance. We knew at once that he was the lightning rod man, and we groaned in anticipation of the coming affliction. "The editor," he asked, with a bow.

"No, the editor has just gone out to kill a life insurance man."

"Well, I can explain the matter to you. Being a man of literary attainments, you undoubtedly take an interest in science, which in a few years has covered the earth with railroads and telegraphs, which has filled the rivers with steamboats, and the sea with floating palaces, which has found means to defy the lightning of heaven—"

"We take not the slightest interest in science. We regard Robert Fulton as an imposter, Stephenson as a nuisance, Morse as an unmitigated ruffin, and think that Benjamin Franklin should have been tied to the tail of his own kite, and sent on a voyage of discovery among the thunderbolts. He it was who invented lightning rod men, the vilest wretches who encumber the earth. A law should be at once passed giving every man in the community a right to kill any lightning rod man on sight, or nail him to the chimney, and stick a lightning rod down his throat, so that the first sportive thunderbolt that should come that way should annihilate him."

We were getting angry, and we are mild spoken in our anger. He now planted himself in a chair, as serene and calm as though we had been calling him a benefactor to the human race.

"You don't understand this lightning rod—it is the most recent invention, unlike anything ever before produced. It will yet take rank with such inventions as printing, the steam engine and the telegraph. The world will yet revere the inventor as a benefactor second to no one man who has ever lived. The lightning rod is for protecting the person, not dwelling. It is a composition of India rubber, iron, and a chemical known only to the inventor. It is to be wound around the body, and run from the crown of the hat to the boot heel. Lightning will have no power to harm the man who wears it. The rod is also a protection against violence. A man in Nevada wore one of them. In a drunken row he was shot at seventeen times without being injured, a hatchet exploded and killed the man in whose hands it was when he attempted to strike the man who wore the charmed lightning rod—that is the name it bears. He took a voyage to San Francisco. On the way the train on which he was travelling was pitched down a gorge 1500 feet in depth. Everybody else on the train was killed, and the cars and locomotive were dashed to pieces, and he walked to San Francisco without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. The man who uses the charmed lightning rod cannot die by violence—it is doubtful, indeed, if he will ever die, as no person who has purchased one has yet died."

He would have continued, but we interrupted him with—"You wear one of them?"

"I wouldn't be without one of them for sums untold—would sooner do without food and sleep."

"And would it be impossible to hurt you while you wear it?"

"As impossible as it would be for a fly to eat up the Rocky Mountains."

"Will you wait for us for a few minutes, while we give some necessary directions?"

"Certainly," was his instant reply. "My entire afternoon is at your service."

We went out and collected all the men employed in the building and told them the circumstances, and each man armed himself at once. None of them had ever killed a man, and each was anxious to enjoy the luxury of trying to do so. We got a neighbor who owns a Russian bloodhound as big as a Shetland pony, to bring him into the building. We then marched double file into the editorial rooms. The man with the dog led the way. The noise caused the lightning man to turn his head. He gave one howl, and fled through the back door, followed by a volley of shot and the Russian bloodhound. We followed them up Franklin Street and across the Park to Broadway. There we stopped. But the bloodhound did not return for two days, and there was a fiendish glare in his eyes as though he had been enjoying himself in his savage way. We much fear that the L. R. M. has been digested ere this. The fate of this wretched man should be a lesson to all agents who think of invading the sacred precincts of our sanctum, or who try to impose upon the credulity of the editor.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea set doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, has made me the bankrupt I am." His is the experience of others, who, less wise, do not know the goblin of the house working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding cards, "No present except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years labor to indulge; and I know of nothing that will tempt you to try more than the well-intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter was timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn all their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch pin, and felt obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owner's gold and silver style.

CITY FARMING.—The Cleveland *Leader* tells the following: "A city chap from this town, spending a few weeks in the country with a farmer friend asked to be permitted to 'abstract the lacteal fluid from the bovine group at seventide.' As soon as the former found out that all he wanted was to milk the cows some night he cheerfully assented, and with other members of the family seated himself on the barn yard fence to see the fun. Hardly had the tight pantalooned chap begun to pull on the peculiar natural appendage which all who desire milk must manipulate, (except milkmen who live near a pond,) when the patient cow looked around and saw the 'what-is-it' at her side. Fetching him a whip in the eyes with her tail, she at the same time projected her hind foot with lightning-like rapidity, and while the milker was balancing on his ear in the mud-puddle, the sportive cow sent the milk pail spinning after him. Our hero now says farming is a fraud."

THE BIBLE.—The bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773, 692, words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters, and 56 books. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times. The word *Lord* occurs 1855 times. The word *reverend* occurs but once which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter j. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

An Indiana woman who was some years ago discharged from the insane asylum, after several years treatment, as incurably insane, soon after being taken home fell and struck her head against a kettle, fracturing her skull. From that time on she possessed full control of her faculties until her death, which occurred recently.

The Late Wm. H. Seward.

The late Wm. H. Seward, was born in Florida, Orange County, N. Y., May 16, 1801. On his father's side he was of Welsh extraction, and on his mother's of Irish. He was governor of New York two terms, United States Senator for two terms, and filled the office of Secretary of State during the incumbency of two Presidents.

In 1824, when only twenty-three years of age, he entered the political arena of New York State and the nation, a place in which he retained a very prominent part for almost fifty years. His early political act was the preparation of an address for a Republican Convention, boldly announcing opposition to the celebrated "Albany Regency" which then controlled the Democratic party. It was only at the end of a fourteen year's struggle that the Regency was defeated, Seward being then the standard bearer of his party.

In 1834, being then 33 years of age, he was nominated for Governor by the Whigs. William L. Marcy was his Democratic opponent. Seward made a good fight—led his ticket in every county, and was defeated by a good majority. Governor Marcy was re-elected in 1836. In 1838 Marcy and Seward again headed the State tickets of their respective parties. This time Seward became Governor of the State beating his antagonist 10,000 votes.

Mr. Seward retired from office on the 1st of January, 1843, at the end of his second term. He had refused to be a candidate for a third term. He resumed his practice of the law. He built up a lucrative practice in patent cases in the United States.

In 1844 Governor Seward supported Henry Clay's candidacy for the Presidency. In 1848 his advocacy of General Taylor had better fortune, Seward's friends carried his State and he was elected United States Senator in succession to John A. Dix, whose term expired on the 4th of March following. Seward early became one of General Taylor's most confidential advisers.

Mr Seward was re-elected in the Senate in 1855. During his two terms he spoke on immense numbers of subjects, always with readiness and after considerable research. He early advocated a Pacific railroad. He delivered elaborate speeches on the commercial and industrial relations of the country, on the public lands, mail steamers, American fisheries a projected survey of the Arctic and Pacific Oceans, the tariff, an ocean telegraph and kindred subjects. He spoke very fully on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. "Bleeding Kansas" also received attention from him. These speeches were very widely circulated.

Seward supported Scott for the Presidency, though he never approved the platform on which he stood. He was one of the founders of the Republican party. He was a zealous advocate of the election of General John C. Fremont, its first candidate for the Presidency. From the defeat of Fremont, until the latter part of 1859 Seward appeared to be the coming man of the Republican party. It was predicted on all sides and believed by himself that he would be its standard bearer in the struggle in 1860. The feud with Greeley in this State paved the way for his defeat at Chicago. The West was enthusiastic and united at bottom for Lincoln and after some heavy skirmishing he was nominated.

On his election President Lincoln promptly offered Senator Seward a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of State, and Mr. Seward as promptly accepted the office. He remained in that position from the 4th of March, 1869, during one of the most trying periods in our history. He conducted, under Mr. Lincoln's direction, the very delicate correspondence with England in the matter of the seizure of the Trent, which ended with our giving up the rebel ambassadors. Another source of anxiety to the State Departments was the aggression of France upon Mexico. Mr. Seward lived long enough to see the invader withdraw and the Republican authorities reinstated. The Alabama controversy was very voluminous and harassing. The late treaty was but a slightly modified form of one agreed upon under Mr. Seward's auspices.

Mr. Seward had lately returned from travels literally around the world. He was received with the greatest consideration everywhere, from China and Japan to Mexico.

Of the last hours of Mr. Seward it is said that though suffering from a severe cold from Saturday until Thursday, yet no immediate fear was felt, and his dissolution was sudden and unexpected. Mr. Seward's intellectual faculties were clear and vigorous to the last save when disturbed by the paroxysms of fever. Just after effusion from the lungs on thinking it would relieve his breathing, he was, at his own desire, placed upon a lounge and bolstered up, and moved from his adjoining bedroom into his study, where, in the midst of his books and his literary and other papers, and surrounded by his relatives and a few friends and all his devoted dependants, he breathed his last. For the last half hour of his life, as the powers of nature were giving away, his condition became easy, and he spent the time in affectionate leave-takings of his relatives and dependants, and finally sank quietly to his last rest as if going to sleep.

Thanksgiving.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The revolution of another year has again brought the time when it is usual to look back upon the past, and publicly thank the Almighty for His mercies and His blessings; and

Whereas, If any one people has more occasion than another for such thankfulness it is the citizens of the United States, whose Government is their creature; subject to their behests; who have reserved to themselves ample civil and religious freedom and equality before the law; who, during the last twelve months, have enjoyed exemption from any grievous or general calamity, and to whom prosperity in agriculture, manufactures and commerce has been vouchsafed.

Therefore, by these considerations, I recommend that on Thursday, the 28th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship, and there make their acknowledgements to God for His kindness and bounty.

In witness thereof, I hereunto set my hand, and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 11th day of October, in the year of our [L. S.] Lord, 1872, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

(Signed,) U. S. GRANT.

By the President:
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

PICKEREL.—The rapid growth and extraordinary voracity of the pickerel are well shown in the report of the Massachusetts Inland Fisheries Commissioners. They investigated their powers of eating in the following manner: They put two young pickerel, five inches long, in a trough with a great quantity of little minnows about one inch in length, and these two pickerel ate 128 minnows the first day, 132 the second, and 150 the third, and they increased one inch in forty-eight hours.

COLLEGES.—There are 303 colleges in the United States, out of which 265 are supported by the religious denominations. Of these the Catholics have 54; Baptists 48; Methodists 32; Presbyterians 25; Congregationalists 16; Episcopalians 16; Lutherans 16. These institutions contain 3,000 instructors, and nearly 50,000 pupils in attendance.

BASSETT BEATEN.—The third race at Jerome Park, created a great sensation, being a dash of three miles for the Maturity Stakes between Harry Bassett and Monarchist with the betting 10 to 1 in favor of Bassett. After a neck and neck race for two miles and three-quarters, Monarchist beat Bassett by two lengths in 5:34½.

Turquoise rings and necklaces are the most fashionable style of jewelry worn at present, and are beautifully set with pearls and diamonds.

The annual product of hay in the United States is not far from 25,000,000 tons.

THE INVENTOR OF SPOON FISHING.—The inventor of "spoon fishing is said to be an old man named De Castle, who, for twenty-two years, has been lock master on the canal around the Morrisburg rapids on the St. Lawrence river. He had been fishing off one of the islands below the town with little success, and looking down from his boat into the clear,